The Post

Sunday Special

NO. 610. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

TWO GERMAN DESTROYERS SUNK.

NAVAL RAID ON DOVER.

HOSTILE FLOTILLA PUNISHED BY BRITISH PATROL.

ALLIES MAKE FURTHER ADVANCE IN WEST.

A German destroyer flotilla made a raid on Dover on Saturday morning, with the intention, it is suggested, of intercepting Mr Lloyd George on his cross-Channel passage from France. The flotilla was attacked by the Dover patrol, two, and probably three, enemy vessels being sunk. Ten German officers and 108 men were rescued.

The attack by the Dover patrol was made with great gallantry and dash, our vessels receiving very little material damage. The enemy vessels had fired forty shells towards the land, doing no damage.

The Germans made a strong attempt to recapture Gonnelieu, a village on the road to Cambrai, taken by our troops on Friday night. The attacking troops, caught by our artillery, were driven back, leaving many dead in front of our position.

We have advanced our line east of Fampoux and south-west of Lens.

The French night report states progress was made on the plateau north of Sancy. Four attempts by the enemy to debouch from trenches north of Braye-en-Laonnais were smashed by French barrage fire.

TWO ENEMY DESTROYERS SUNK BY DOVER PATROL.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The Vice-Admiral at Dover reports on the night of the 20th-21st five German destroyers attempted a raid on Dover.

The raid resulted in their firing a number of rounds into a ploughed field a few miles distant from Dover.

The enemy appears then to have steered in the direction of some of our shipping, possibly with the intention of attacking, but was met by two vessels of the Dover patrol.

In five minutes these two vessels engaged and sank at least two, and possibly three, out of the five enemy boats, the remainder making off at high speed during the short engagement, and escaping in the darkness.

Our vessels suffered no material damage, and our casualties were exceedingly slight in comparison with the results obtained.

Our patrol vessels were handled with remarkable gallantry and dash, and the tactics pursued were of a very fine example of destroyer work.

We were fortunate in being able to save the lives of ten German officers and 108 men of the vessels which were sunk.

OBJECT OF THE RAID.

ATTEMPT TO INTERCEPT MR LLOYD GEORGE.

London, Saturday Night.

The Central News says the suggestion has been made that the German destroyers which came to grief in the Straits of Dover last night hoped to bring off a spectacular coup by interrupting Mr Lloyd George's Channel crossing on his return from the Continent.

It was quite possible that the Premier would cross last night, though, as a matter of fact, he did not return until to-day.

THREE DESTROYERS LOST.

London, Saturday Night.

The Press Association says:—

About 12.30 the coast was bombarded, and as far as can be ascertained about forty shells fell in fields a few miles from Dover, only damaging some slates of a house.

Between 1.30 and 2 a.m. an action was fought, and it is reported that three German destroyers were lost.

Twenty-eight bodies of Germans have been landed, and one British. More bodies are expected to be landed. Great excitement prevails.

Over one hundred German prisoners, including two officers and eight petty officers, were landed at Dover this afternoon, survivors of the naval action in the Channel last night. News soon spread that they were to be landed, and after the armed escort of about eighty soldiers arrived on the naval pier large crowds soon collected.

The first to land were the two officers, surrounded by a strong guard, and as they left the entrance of the pier gates they were loudly booed.

Then followed the rest of the Huns. They received a similar greeting, the crowd having in mind the sinking of hospital ships.

Thousands of people had by this time assembled. The prisoners were a motley crowd—a great contrast to our bluejackets.

The National Service poster depicting a Briton giving a knock-out blow to a Hun attracted the attention of some of the prisoners, who pointed the poster out to their comrades.

DOVER PATROL ACTION.

ONE OF THE FINEST ACHIEVEMENTS.

Dover, Saturday Night.

Dover is all excitement to-day, for one of the finest achievements of the war was carried out by the Dover patrol last night and early this morning.

Nothing transpired until just after 12.41 a.m., when heavy firing of guns woke the inhabitants of Dover, this being preceded by a shower of star shells, which lit up the town.

At that time nothing was known as to what really had happened.

The people took it very quietly; in fact, the Press Association correspondent met only about a dozen people on his way to the sea front. There nothing could be seen.

All was quiet, and the people had returned to bed, when about 1.30 heavy firing was again heard to the eastwards.

Later it transpired that the Dover patrol had caught the enemy, and an action was taking place.

News was eagerly looked forward to, and this morning it became known that two German destroyers had been sunk.

Of course, various rumours were current, and the inhabitants were startled about 11 a.m. with the screeching of the ships' syrens and cheering. Hundreds rushed to the front to learn if possible what had occurred.

About midday the dead of both German and British were brought ashore, and the covered market place has been turned into a temporary mortuary.

The first motor lorry had 29 bodies, all German except one, and when that was carried in somebody called out "Hats off," everyone removing their headgear.

In all about fifty bodies have been brought ashore—about thirty German and twenty British. Several of the bodies have been badly knocked about, and several Germans wore lifebelts.

Effect of the Bombardment.

A shell from a German gun is stated to have fallen near a country house, but the only damage done was to one of the ceilings. A curious incident reported is that six cows that usually sleep in one corner of a field chose another sleeping place last night. Their customary resting place was churned up by about half a dozen shells.

MOTIVE OF THE RAID.

IMPRESSING SCANDINAVIAN POWERS.

(By A Naval Correspondent.)

London, Saturday Night.

The latest of the Hun destroyers' raid on the Channel may be taken as a sequel to the pressure being exerted upon Germany from every side by the troops on land and by the more stringent British blockade at sea, which are both sapping the enemy's economic resources and bringing the war to a swift conclusion

Friday night's raid may be considered as an effort to show that, baffled and harassed at many points, he can still find one weak spot in the chain where he can break through, and though his break-through may be absolutely of no military significance, yet it tends to create uneasiness and doubts with regard to our impregnability in non-technical minds, which is principally what the Hun desires to do.

The Germans fancy it is up to them to show that they are not quite muzzled, and they choose destroyer rushes on the Channel as the modus operandi. The entrance of America into the war and the admitted straining of relations between Germany and Scandinavia may have quite a good deal to do with the policy which has dictated this latest thrust.

Perhaps Germany hopes to show Scandinavia that she can still send her warships to operate against such hostile shores as may be close to her own bases, and thus postpone, if not utterly prevent, the opening of hostilities against her by Norway and Sweden, which is popularly supposed to be imminent.

But whatever may be the principles which have sent the German destroyers to strafe our coasts, the fact remains that he will be more than satisfied if he can create doubts among our people as to the efficacy of "the sure shield."

The moral of the whole thing is trust the navy. That the navy was watching on this occasion is well evidenced by the promptitude the Dover patrol showed in meeting and beating them off, sinking two if not three of the enemy without loss to themselves.

LARGE WHEAT CARGO LOST.

Ymuiden, Saturday.

The Norwegian ship Knougsli (Captain Oelsen), chartered by the Belgian Relief Committee, bound for Rotterdam, has been torpedoed or struck a mine.

The Knougsli had a cargo of 8000 tons of wheat, and was sunk in the so-called safe zone. It now appears that the second mate, named H. Kstadt, who belongs to Grimstad, is missing. The remaining thirty-four of the crew, of whom nineteen are Americans, have been landed here.

The vessel was struck on the starboard side, but owing to the darkness the cause could not be discerned.

The crew were rescued by trawlers.

FOOD SHORTAGE IN SCANDINAVIA.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

Food demonstrations in Sweden continue, and it is feared that serious demonstrations will take place in Stockholm on May 1.

The Dagensnyheter states that in Vesteras 7000 workmen ceased work yesterday, while in Norrkoeping, Gefle, and Eksjoe there were demonstrations by thousands of workmen, who demanded an increase in the food rations.

The prospects are not promising, and the lack of food in Sweden, as well as other Scandinavian countries, is growing still more serious.—Exchange.

FRENCH BARRAGE FIRE

SMASH ATTEMPTED COUNTER-ATTACKS.

BOOTY OF THE BIG OFFENSIVE.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The communique issued to-night is as follows:—

Between the Somme and the Oise the two artilleries were violently engaged, particularly in the region to the south of St Quentin.

Between the Aisne and the Chemin Des Dames we continued our progress on the plateau north of Sancy.

A bombing engagement enabled us to gain some ground in the Hurterbise sector.

On four different occasions our barrage fire smashed efforts made by the enemy to debouch from the trenches north of Braye-en-Laonnais.

In the Rheims area and in Champagne there were intermittent artillery duels which at certain points were somewhat lively. There is no important event to report on the rest of the front.

The number of Germans made prisoners by the Franco-British troops from 9th to 20th April exceeds thirty-three thousand. The number of guns captured during the same period is 330.

SEVERITY OF ENEMY'S LOSSES.

EFFECTS OF TERRIFIC ARTILLERY HAMMERING.

From the Press Association's Special Correspondent.

Press Camp, French Headquarters, France, Received Saturday.

The first brilliant success of the opening days of the French offensive has been triumphantly maintained throughout the week.

On a twenty-five mile front the Germans have been expelled from the chain of immensely strong positions which they had held since the Battle of the Marne, and in the endeavour to cling to them they have suffered appalling losses in killed and wounded, in addition to heavy sacrifices in material.

Unmistakable evidences garnered on the battlefield leave no doubt as to the severity of the enemy's losses during the week.

A great proportion of their casualties are certainly due to terrific hammering to which the Germans have been subjected day and night from the French guns.

French Holding the Upper Hand.

The enemy himself admits the superiority of the French artillery in his official documents, and no one who has followed the battle of the past five days will be inclined to dissent from him. In every phase of it the French have had the upper hand. Positions which barely a year ago were deemed unapproachable without preliminary bombardment of weeks have fallen in a day.

Troops who have been exposed to the shattering bombardment which precede the French attacks are no match for the highly-trained infantry who sweep over the German trenches as soon as the range is lengthened. The consequence is that, as has happened again and again during the week, the German batteries which their owners supposed to be in perfect security have been overrun and captured by the French infantry before the Germans have realised the danger.

To-day on the battlefield I met men who told stories of German guns captured with horses harnessed to them, in the very act of being removed, and of ambulances with their entire personnel, things which have scarcely been since the battle of the Marne.

A Counter-Attack Shattered.

French heavy guns were raking the German positions in front of Courtecon, where the French are across Clemin des Dames. It was amazing to see and hear the perfect storms of fire bursting on the enemy's lines. A movement had been perceived behind the German front—preceding doubtless an attack to be made later in the afternoon by the German infantry towards Hurtebix. It is not surprising that the attack failed.

Our men are in the best of spirits and delighted to be going forward in spite of the vile weather and of the roads, swimming in mud, and being ploughed up by the wheels of innumerable motor lorries. They want for nothing, and the supplies of munitions for the unresting guns never fail. The auxiliary services have worked no less brilliantly than the infantry and the artillery. On the night of the great Verdun success last December General Nivelle made the troops the promise of victory. Towards the fulfilment of the promise the armies on the Aisne and the Champagne front are now marching.

THE WEST FRONT.

MORE BRITISH GAINS.

ENEMY ATTEMPT TO RECAPTURE CONNELIEU.

British General Headquarters, 8.39 p.m., Saturday.

To-day the enemy made an unsuccessful attempt to recover the village of Gonnelieu captured by us last night. His attacking troops were caught by our artillery fire and driven back, leaving many dead in front of our positions.

We gained ground during the day by local fighting along the north bank of the Scarpe, east of Fampoux, and have also advanced our line slightly south-west of Lens.

In this latter area two other German counter-attacks were successfully beaten off.

During the night a small party of the enemy raided one of our crater posts south of Ypres. A few of our men are missing.

Somewhat improved weather enabled our aeroplanes to carry out useful work yesterday. One hostile machine was brought down in air fighting. Two of our machines have not returned.

READY FOR NEXT ADVANCE.

THE BRITISH "NUT CRACKERS."

(From Press Association Special Correspondent.)

War Correspondents' Headquarters, France, Saturday.

A heavy, deliberate bombardment is reverberating upon the air as I write. I know exactly what it means. Our overwhelming artillery is employed in cutting up wire, smashing trenches, wrecking strong points, and killing Boches.

If you ask me how much more it may mean I can only answer in the famous Asquithian phrase. There has been a lull in big news these past few days, but there has been absolutely no pause in the preparations for creating further big news.

The only appreciable changes on the map during the past week have been a steady creeping forward movement towards St Quentin and an extension of the nutcrackers which at the prearranged moment will close with a snap upon Lens

Open warfare is more attractive than stationary fighting, and gives a more definite impression of getting on with a campaign. It would be much better if we could hold the German Army practically where it now stands and decisively defeat it by a series of clashes rather than drive it back across country which it will devastate as it goes.

Deadly Portent.

During the comparative lull in movement of the last few days our offensive has been developing with deadly and irresistible portent. Wait and see.

In a chat with one of the most brilliant of our leaders in the battle of Arras, I asked him what was the outstanding lesson to be learned from our success, which he had just described as satisfactory, up to the point of our extreme hopes. He replied unhesitatingly that the thoroughness of our training was the real keynote of our triumphs.

There has never been a day's relaxation in the business of rehearsing the troops when they were not actually in the line. Our new army divisions are very much better than the Germans. They are more efficient all round. The steady ebbing of the German morale is attributable to his perception of the fact that his enemy is the better man.

KING'S MESSAGE TO FRANCE.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

His Majesty the King has sent the following telegram to the President of the French Republic:—

I warmly congratulate you, Monsieur le President, upon the great success that has attended the efforts of the gallant French Army during the past week, the news of which has been received by me and my people with the utmost satisfaction. These victories of our joint armies are, I am certain, an earnest of further steady progress.

GEORGE R.I.

TANKS IN ARRAS BATTLE.

CRUISE OF THE "RAMSAY MACDONALD."

PEACE TALK WITH MACHINE GUNS.

(Exclusive to "Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

Some good stories of the work of the tanks in the great advance are told by a private of the —— Regiment, now attached to the Heavy Machine Gun Corps, who was with a tank through the battle of Arras.

To a press representative he said:—

In spite of the grim sort of job we have on hand we never miss a chance of pulling poor old Fritz's leg. Before we took our last little stroll across to see how Fritz was getting on we used to pass away our time exchanging compliments with the Huns in a trench within hailing distance of our own. The Germans used to chuck over chunks of peace piffle and meaningless talk about the brotherhood of man. We stood it as best we could and said nothing.

The "Ramsay Macdonald" Tank.

Then they were always singing the praises of the Ramsay Macdonald peace people in England. If we said nothing we thought the more, and when the time came for our next push we had a nice little surprise for Fritz. The tank that was to lead the attack was named the Ramsay Macdonald, and as mascot we had stuck up a doll effigy of Leicester's Socialist M.P., which one of our lads had made in his spare time. Then we walked into Fritz in the early morning after one night when he had been most persistent in his peace talk.

Machine guns opened fire everywhere, and scared bunches of Huns came running out from dug-outs and underground lairs all over the place. The infantry supporting our tank asked them what was the matter. There was really nothing to fear; it was only their comrade, Ramsay Macdonald, come across to preach peace to them in the only tongue the German understands.

With that the "Ramsay Macdonald" got to work, and there was some of the finest peace propaganda ever done.

All our guns went ripping at the Germans at once, and as successive parties of terrified Huns appeared they were cut down before they were able to take in the situation. In that part there were only about thirty survivors of the original defenders of the trench.

A Long Tail of Prisoners.

Leaving the infantry to strengthen the position the "Ramsay Macdonald" went on to the next line. Here we found the enemy ready for us, but we got to work at once. We knocked out every man who appeared over the parapet and dashed straight for the trench, blazing away as we charged. It was only about ten minutes before we were sitting astride that trench talking to our Hun brothers in a nice quiet tone with all our guns. They liked the address so much that after it had gone on for less than half an hour what Huns were left were running towards the "Ramsay Macdonald" with uplifted hands in token of surrender.

We lined them up and marched them back. We got orders to go back at the same time, and you can imagine the roars with which the men along the line received a tank named "Ramsay Macdonald" as it plodded steadily on with a long tail of Hun prisoners behind.

"I guess that was some peace talk" was what a Canadian shouted after us, and everybody roared.

GONNELIEU VILLAGE CAPTURED.

British Take Prisoners in Sharp Fighting.

British General Headquarters, 12.10 p.m., Saturday.

We captured the village of Gonnelieu last night, after sharp fighting, in which we took a number of prisoners.

A party of the enemy attempted to enter our trenches in the neighbourhood of Fauquoissart, but was repulsed.

Artillery activity continued on both sides at a number of places during the night.

[Gonnelieu is a considerable village and a road centre east of Gouzeaucourt, the capture of which was reported by Sir Douglas Haig on Wednesday. Both villages are north-east of Epehy. Gonnelieu is within two miles of the St Quentin Canal.]

THE NEXT BLOW BY BRITISH.

Paris (Received Saturday).

The correspondent of the Agence Havas on the British front writes as follows:—

On the British front we are going through a period of consolidation and preparation. The first process has been practically completed, and the checking of all German counter-attacks is proof that we hold firmly the latest positions captured.

What has now to be done is to prepare for new dashes forward, and this is the artillery's business. It need not be said that the British command will know when and where to strike, and that it is acting in complete communion with the plans and ideas of the French command.

A warning has been given that the Germans are replacing the Iron Cross which has been hitherto placed beneath the wings of their aeroplanes as a distinctive mark by a circle enclosing a small cross. They believe that in this way we may be misled as to their nationality. Several mistakes have already been made.

This war has been marked until now by chivalry in one German arm—namely, aviation—but the Germans are putting an end to it by this latest instance of their duplicity.—P.A. War Special.

MUNITION WORKS HOURS.

SUNDAY LABOUR TO BE ABOLISHED.

COMES INTO FORCE NEXT MONTH.

London, Saturday Night.

Sunday labour is, as far as possible, to be abolished in a large majority of the establishments controlled by the Ministry of Munitions from the beginning of May.

A communication to this effect is being addressed by the Ministry to the firms concerned, and steps will be taken forthwith to bring the change into operation as smoothly as possible.

Establishments in which the process worked is of necessity of a continuous nature will not come within the operation of the new Order, and an exception will also be made in the case of firms whose contracts are of great urgency. Such firms, after consultation with the Ministry, may have recourse to Sunday labour, but on the understanding that it will be dispensed with as soon as the required output has been obtained.

Further shifts, beginning on Sunday night or ending on Sunday morning, will be continued, and in all cases provision will be made for work connected with the necessary repair of plant and machinery.

The abolition of continuous Sunday labour in the national factories and in the controlled establishments in the Tyne and Tees areas has in most cases been highly beneficial, and it is believed that an extension of the experiment made during the past four months will have equally good effects on the health of the workers and the output of munitions.

HEALTH OF MUNITION WORK

Effect of Long Hours and Loss of Weekly Rest

London, Saturday Night.

The Health of Munition Workers' Committee, in an interim report just issued, deal with industrial efficiency and fatigue. Reference is made to a pronounced and common symptom of industrial fatigue which the Committee say appears to be the reflection in the workman's general health and spirits of the results of accumulated nervous fatigue rather than a direct or measurable sign of it. At the present time, the report says, in very many munition factories the complaint is made by workers, and not least by the most intelligent and willing of them, that they are feeling "done up" or "fair whacked," to use local phrases, and the evidence shows that this state of staleness is becoming increasingly common and obvious. By experienced managers and medical officers this condition of staleness is attributed almost wholly to persistent long hours and the deprivation of weekly rest.

The Committee express the opinion that proper attention earlier in the war to the need for weekly rest would have prevented a large part of the diminished capacity of this kind, and would have averted much costly and wasteful expenditure upon imperfect work.

Stress is laid on a further point, and the report states, for the avoidance of staleness in conditions of strenuous labour, it is not enough to treat workmen in the bulk and to regulate daily and weekly rests upon a physiological basis for the average. If that be done, widespread evils like these too commonly present now may be avoided, but good management will consider always the individual workman as well. The Committee have no doubt that in very many cases, perhaps in almost all, in which staleness is well marked or have even advanced to definite sickness, a single day off given occasionally at the right time would have avoided much wasteful reduction of capacity and in the worst cases the total loss of many days of work

"FAITHFUL ENDURANCE TO THE DEATH."

Peculiar Note in Berlin Official Report.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

To-day's German official communique says:—

Western Theatre.

Army Group of Crown Prince Rupprecht—Reconnoitring advances on the Ypres bend resulted in the capture of a number of prisoners and some booty in the form of trench pieces.

The gradual increase in the firing activity between Loos and the Arras-Cambrai railway line continues.

Army Group of the German Crown Prince—Troops representing all German peoples are individually performing heroic deeds daily and hourly under the heaviest fire and in faithful endurance to the death on the mighty battlefield on the Aisne and in Champagne. The army report cannot give separate accounts of these deeds.

On the Brimont, Franco-Russian storming detachments were repulsed with severe losses.

During the afternoon strong artillery fighting again commenced on the whole of the Aisne front, and in Champagne stubborn attacks were delivered near Brave from the plains of Passy as far as the hollow east of Craonne and between Prosnes and the Suippes lowlands.

On the Chemin des Dames the enemy storming attacks broke down under our fire, and at some places in hard-to-hand fighting in Champagne the attacks failed before our positions.

Army Group of Duke Albrecht—East of St Mihiel an enterprise was carried out in accordance with our wishes. Several French prisoners remained in our hands.

The unfavourable weather prevailing during the last few days has restricted aerial activity since April 17.

Seven enemy aeroplanes have been brought down in aerial engagements and three by anti-aircraft guns.

GERMANS AND THE DEAD.

BERLIN'S VERSION OF CORPSE FACTORY.

THE HYPOCRITICAL HUNS.

London, Saturday Night.

The following is news from Berlin, sent through the wireless stations of the German Government:—

The English wireless service is spreading the loathsome and equally ridiculous report that the German authorities use the bodies of dead soldiers for industrial purposes, and for extracting from them lubricating oils and food for hogs.

The English reports quote as their authority a report published in the Lokalanzeiger describing the mill where the carcases of animals are transformed into oil. The German expression in this report was the "Kadaver," which, as everybody conversant with German knows, is never used for human bodies, but only for carcases of animals.

The Lokalanzeiger, commenting upon this last performance of anti-German propagandists, calls it the "acme of stupidity."

London, Saturday Night.

Some controversy has existed concerning the application of the word "Kadaver." Some writers suggest that the word is not used of human bodies, but it is contended here that the best authorities are agreed that it is so used, though it is also used of the bodies of animals.

THE FACTORY AND ITS TITLE.

London, Saturday Night.

The reference in the Lokalanzeiger appeared casually in the body of an article by Karl Rosner giving his experiences on a tour of the Western front.

So far as to-day's German denial goes, it is quite true that the word "Kadaver," which forms part of the title of the factory concerned, Kadaverwertungsanstalt, or Corpse Exploitation Establishment, is not used in German conversation, journalism, or general literature for a dead human body, though it is so used by doctors and medical students and in purely technical or scientific literature.

Kadaver, in common speech, is the carcase of an animal. Leichnam is the polite word for a human corpse, and common sense notes that the root is to be found in our lichfield, "the field of corpses." Kadaver derives directly, of course, from the Latin cadaver, which was used generally for human bodies, but also for dead animals.

In weighing the balance of probabilities it is obvious, in the first place, that the use of "Kadaver" proves nothing. If corpses are, in fact, being fined down, then that is the word which a combination of sentiment and scientific commercialism might be expected to prefer to leichnam.

If the article in La Belgique is accepted, with its story of hooks at two-feet intervals, the theory that the raw material of the factory is horses and not men must be dismissed. The hooks would need to be spaced more widely for horses.

There is also the argument that a more profitable use can, and probably is, made of both the flesh and hides of horses killed in action.

On the other hand, those who find themselves unable to believe that the Germans are turning their dead to such impious account are on strong ground when they point to the inherent improbability of a disclosure such as Karl Rosner appears to make appearing casually in the body of an article in a Government controlled and semi-official newspaper.

An Overdue Denial.

The German denial was expected, and is overdue, for the translation of the Lokalanzeiger article dated April 10 appeared first in this country on April 16. An American Consul, who reached Switzerland from Germany in February, had stated explicitly that the Germans were distilling nitro-glycerine from their dead. Moreover, an article in La Belgique, of Leyden, gave a number of details purporting to describe the process. According to this, the stripped bodies were transferred from the railway trucks by men with long hooked poles on to an endless chain, which picks them up with big hooks attached at intervals of two feet.

THE STRIKERS IN GERMANY.

London, Saturday Night.

The following Berlin message was issued to-day through the German Wireless Stations:—

The anti-German propaganda press is circulating sensational reports about riots and fierce street fighting during the partial strike in Berlin, which has already been settled. All these reports are childish inventions, as was usual with cases of this description.

As the Berlin newspapers describe in faithfully correct daily reports no riots took place anywhere, no speeches were held to the masses anywhere; military authorities did not interfere anywhere; no fighting took place anywhere, and there were no wounded anywhere.

The strike took place only in part of the metal works, wood industries, and private enterprises.

The only unusual incidents were that a few hundred factory boys gathered at a few points in the city, and were dispersed by the police without difficulty. That these proceedings were not directed against the Government appears from the fact that the police, as is reported by Vorwaerts, had to drive off heaps of young boys and girls, who had gathered in front of the former English Embassy, and whistled and howled there.

"LIVE BEES."

According to the Berliner Tageblatt, the officials at a small railway station in Prussia recently examined six beehives, which were marked "With care—live bees." On opening the hives they found 108 ducks' eggs, 650 hens' eggs, 13 pounds of butter, and 30 pounds of wheaten flour, which were being despatched to an agent at Hamburg.

OUR PEERLESS AIR PILOTS.

PRAISE FROM LORD MONTAGUE.

DEFENCE OF BRITISH MONARCHY.

Brockenhurst, Saturday.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Advising Inspector of Mechanics to the Governor of India, was present to-day at a meeting of the New Forest Division of Hants Conservative and Unionist Association, over which Colonel Cornwallis West presided.

In his address his Lordship said the amount of sedition in India was so small as to be almost negligable. The great reigning Princes of India and the great merchants were ever prepared to do everything for the Empire. It should not be overlooked that the advance on and success at Bagdad were largely carried out by Indian troops. The loyalty of the people was really remarkable, seeing that they were alien to ourselves, using that term in no offensive sense.

Dealing with aviation, on which his Lordship is an expert, he said he had not yet been able to study all the details since his return, but from information available he gathered that there had been casualties amongst the pilots. He would suspend his judgment until he knew more, but, of course, the casualties were due largely to alterations in the flying service since last year.

Our Daring Air Pilots.

For instance, a far larger number of pilots were now employed, and it was obvious that there must be more casualties. The number of machines was greatly in excess of last year's number, and there were more opportunities for pilots to take risks. There was no doubt that our pilots were more daring, and they did more work over the German lines than the German airmen did over ours. He was sure that the gallantry of our pilots was as great as ever. We had under construction a type of machine which was superior to that of the enemy.

Referring to the submarine menace, he considered the seaplane ought to be more largely used. This could easily be done, and these could guard the trade routes. He should like to see the Air Board and Admiralty co-operate in this direction.

Defence of British Monarchy.

Referring to the letter of Mr H. G. Wells published that morning, they had, said his Lordship, seen the throne of Russia totter and fall, and there seemed to be an idea among some people that the world had reached an era of Republics. He did not think that that was the case. He would not say anything against Russia for what she had done, as every country should be allowed to do what seemed best for itself. But he could not help thinking that Mr Wells had not realised what Empire meant. Our King and his dynasty were the corner stone of our Empire, and which would not hold together for more than a few months if England became a Republic. There must be someone on whom Royalty could focus. From his experience he could say in all truth that in his opinion our throne was never safer than it was to-day. Upon the King and his dynasty depended the welfare of our race and our Empire.

STRANGE NEWRY AFFAIR.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER FOUND DEAD.

Newry, Saturday Night.

A tragic discovery has been made in the townland of Ryans, near Newry, when a widow, Mrs Hanna, aged seventy-two, and her daughter Sarah, aged forty-six years, were both found dead in their bedrooms.

The daughter was found on the floor, and the mother partly out of bed. They had been dead for some hours when the bodies were discovered by neighbours. There were no marks of violence.

An inquest will be held into the circumstances of this double fatality.

FLAX, HEMP, AND JUTE GOODS.

New Government Order.

London, Saturday.

In pursuance of the powers conferred upon them by the Defence of the Realm Regulations, the Admiralty and the Army Council require that until further notice in all factories, workshops, and other premises the business carried on wholly or partly in the manufacture of flax, hemp, or jute goods shall be done in accordance with the following directions:—(a) Priority over all other work shall be given to that which is either directly or indirectly required for the purpose of any Government order or contract; (b) any directions that may be given for the purposes of this Order by the Director of Navy Contracts as to work for naval purposes or by the Director of Army Contracts as to any other work shall be strictly complied with by the owners or occupiers of the said factories, their officers or servants.

Any person failing to comply with the provisions of this Order, or with any requirements or directions made thereunder, will render himself liable for prosecution for an offence against the said Regulations.

LATEST WIRES.

All German names have been removed, says a Rio de Janeiro message, from commercial establishments at Porto Alegre.

Sir Richard Winfrey announced at Peterborough that War Agricultural Committees will shortly be instructed to plough a great deal of grass land for the 1918 harvest.

The marriage of the Marquis of Hartington, son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Mary Cecil, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, took place very quietly yesterday at Hatfield.

ALLIES' BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

LORD CURZON OR OUR SUCCESSES.

FOUR MILLION SHELLS IN TEN DAYS.

Derby, Saturday Night.

The Countess Curzon of Kedleston, who was accompanied by Earl Curzon of Kedleston, to-day declared open a Derby Railway Station Y.M.C.A. Hut, which has been erected immediately outside the Midland Station.

Responding afterwards to the vote of thanks, Earl Curzon spoke in terms of the highest eulogy of the great work the Y.M.C.A. was doing in every theatre of war, and said they had fashioned a girdle of mercy and loving kindness round the world which would stand to their credit as long as the memory of this war existed. (Cheers.)

There were those who said, "End this terrible war. Make terms of peace. Let us get back to our ordinary avocations."

"You would be untrue to the highest ideals of humanity," said Lord Curzon, "if you listened to any such counsels as that. (Cheers.) We have to go on until we have secured the objects for which we are fighting; not for the spoils of victory, but for the sake of generations yet unborn. Believe me, neither this country nor any other country in the civilised world will be a place worth living in if the Germans are victorious in this war. We have need to go on because we cannot get from our enemy the terms we insist upon.

> We cannot trust her in regard to peace until she experiences such a military defeat and reverse that she will recognise that she cannot do it again. (Cheers.) That is why we have to go on.

A Very Considerable Military Victory.

You may ask the question, continued Earl Curzon, how are things going at the front? Well, the latest military success is good and encouraging. There can be no doubt that the operations of the last fortnight by the French and ourselves constitued a very considerable military victory. Fighting alongside with the French, the two armies, as we have seen in the papers, have secured about 34,000 German prisoners and 350 guns, of which I may say that the British are responsible for 230. Whilst we have been taking those prisoners the Germans have distinguished themselves by sinking two hospital ships carrying our wounded and our splendid and devoted nurses. (Cries of "Shame.") Do you suppose we shall treat those prisoners in the same way as they have treated our wounded? No; those prisoners held their hands up and came gladly and willingly to the protection of the British flag.

> No horror that human ingenuity can devise is too bad for the Germans. They have not even, as we have read in the papers, spared the corpses of those who have fallen for them in battle.

Four Million Shells in Ten Days.

What has been shown in France in the last fortnight is the wonderful superiority of our artillery, for all the reports we get indicate that never was that superiority so firmly established as now. (Cheers.) It may interest those who are engaged in munition works to know that during the first ten days of this offensive the British artillery poured four million rounds of projectiles into the ranks of the enemy. It will support them in their work to know that they are making the weapons which paved the way for the substantial victory which has been won by our troops. (Cheers.)

I ask you also to keep your eyes on Mesopotamia, and that part of the world where General Maude has shown the highest qualities of foresight, quickness, and courage, and where our soldiers have performed feats quite comparable with those being performed in France and Flanders at this moment.

Thus I think you may say that the military omens at the present moment are distinctly encouraging. But I do not want you to think the end will come just yet. In my opinion the military power of Germany is not sufficiently broken to induce her to accept any terms which the Allies regard as reasonable. What her physical and material position at home is it is difficult to say. No doubt her people are suffering great hardships. We hear of tumult in many of the German towns, and that their morale is said to be greatly diminished, and that the health of her people seems to be impaired. No doubt a good many things are going on in Germany of which we do not hear, nevertheless her military power and arrogance has to be broken before you can make terms of peace with her, and that can only be broken in the field.

It is high time that we at home realised what we may have to suffer, and that we ought to suffer. It is not fair that the suffering should be confined to the soldiers. We have as great an interest in the country as the soldiers, but how many of us have suffered anything like real hardship.

BUCKIE FISHERMEN'S GRIEVANCE.

Buckie, Saturday.

This afternoon a meeting of fishermen was held in the Fish Market, Buckie, for the purpose of considering the question of harbour lading dues for boats.

Mr Wm. Reid, fisherman, presided, and said that a charge of 4s a day was ridiculous, and would drive boats away from the harbour, thereby spoiling the trade of the town.

Mr William Thomson, fisherman, moved—"That this meeting of fishermen protests against the action of the Town Council in refusing at its last monthly meeting to revise the scale of charges on boats laid up for the period between the different fishings." Four shillings a day, he said, was an exorbitant rate, and if the Town Council insisted upon it they would kill the goose that laid the golden eggs.

A resolution was moved by Mr Joseph Murray, fisherman, calling upon the Council to decide on a scale of charges in keeping with those levied at other ports. Both resolutions were carried unanimously.

GOSSIP OF FLEET STREET.

EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED.

(BY "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

PEACE, from which the name of Germany is carefully separated, is the week-end topic in places where Londoners meet to gossip. The visit of the Prime Minister to France and Italy coinciding with the mission undertaken by Mr Balfour in the United States would have been enough to set tongues wagging if there had been no other causes

Homburg Echoes.

In addition something which is declared to be the true history of the meeting of the two Kaisers at Homburg is now being repeated in the London clubs. The new Austrian Emperor is said to have displayed an unexpected independence of character, while the influence of the Pope upon his very religious Consort was also made apparent.

Reckless Reventlow.

The next chapter in the story has to do with the bellicose Count Reventlow, whose open threats to the Kaiser have created a sensation throughout Germany which we are only now beginning to appreciate. The profound uneasiness caused by these new junker plots has been carefully masked, it seems, by reports of strikes, which it pleases the Berlin bureaucracy to exaggerate immensely.

Fear of America.

In the meantime Vienna and Sofia have both reacted to the effect of the American intervention, and a very definite crisis in the affairs of the League of the Central Powers has been reached. When the full extent of the British and French successes on the Western front have been gauged it may be that there will be a serious defection from the strength of the Teutonic Powers. The way has been left open.

Russia at Work.

The uneasiness about Russia has completely gone, though the new confidence has only been expressed during the last day or two. The trouble appears to have been a very natural one. Both workmen and soldiers had the desire to celebrate their new-found freedom, and it was hard to get any solid work or fighting done. But Russia has again settled down to solid business—that is to say, war-winning work.

Old John Brown.

The people who succeeded in getting into St Paul's on Friday are now telling less fortunate friends what a noble hymn is the battle song of the Republic, and what a pretty flag is the Stars and Stripes. The sentiment which is now apparent is the more genuine because its manifestation was delayed until long after the solemn war declaration of our cousins in the United States.

Secrets in the House.

The secret session of the House is set down for a date about ten days ahead, and will extend over two days only. It has naturally been connected with the peace talk to which I have already referred, but I understand that nothing is likely to be said about a separate peace with any of Germany's allies. Man-power, food, submarines, and the air service are the topics said to be due for unreported discussion.

Budget Tips.

The Budget statement will come before the secret session, but there are few Budget secrets. The man in the street may discover the change most interesting to him by chatting with the tobacconist's assistant who serves him with his packet of "ciga." There is a probability, too, that the amusement tax for cinema-goers may be doubled, but that is unlikely to keep anyone away from the movies

A New Scottish Peer.

Rumour is still busy with the account of the forthcoming creation of a new Scottish Peer. Two names are mentioned, and both with some confidence. The occasion, of course, is that of finding a seat in the House for Sir George M'Crae, whose appointment as first Government whip is now accepted as a certainty.

Useless Mouths.

A story is going the rounds concerning a young and not very successful owner of racehorses. Somebody mentioned to him that the Food Controller had suggested that pleasure horses might well be destroyed, as each one consumed twenty times the cereal rations of a human being. "Who said they were pleasure horses?" he demanded, and drafted a telegram of instructions that all the animals in his stables should be shot forthwith.

An Admitted Crisis.

I saw Mr Kennedy Jones this week-end, and found him prepared to admit that at last a large section of the community is recognising the reality of the food crisis. A complete recognition of the threatening fact, especially by the housewives of the country, is held by him to be the one essential to such a practice of food economy as will checkmate the German submarine move.

Tino in Trouble.

Unofficial news from Greece points to a complete revolution sentiment in Athens. On his last public appearance in the streets of the Capital, King Constantine has been hooted, a circumstance which may be connected with the stoppage of the German subsidies to several of the newspapers over which the notorious Baron Von Schenck gained control in the days when he was in power in Athens.

The Carson Attacks.

The disposition to criticise Sir Edward Carson in connection with his work at the Admiralty becomes more marked as each week passes. The suppressed talk about the Navy naturally gathers volume as the enemy submarine campaign proceeds, and the acknowledged necessity of treating the wounded upon the Continent owing to the successful attacks on hospital ships has given fresh force to the remarks of the critics.

Haig's Reputation.

On the other hand, the news from the Western front has redounded to the rapidly-increasing reputation of General Haig. The last thing heard in London to-night was that the next news from Arras would be of the most encouraging nature and complimentary to the very real French successes gained at the beginning of the week.

Russian Oil Deals.

The financial world is interested and pleased on the score of the deals in Russian oil shares that have been one feature of the week on 'Change. The upward tendency of some of these shares and the solidity of the people concerned in the deals is invested with a special significance in Throgmorton Street.

Satanic Spiritism.

Father Bernard Vaughan usually lives abreast of the times, and the subject of his advertised discourse to-morrow reflects a noticeable tendency in London after dark. He would not be talking about Satanic Spiritism if the mediums and occultists were not very busy, and if overwrought women were not suffering in proportion. The steps taken against crystal-gazers and other quacks have not affected the tendency to occultism, which has been very marked during the last year or so.

German Prisoners Assailed.

German prisoners in more than one part of the country have been assailed during the week as a result of the sensational stories made public about the disposal of the German dead. A number of these men, engaged in agricultural work not far from London, were reviled as body-snatchers and pelted into their huts by an excited crowd of women. Until these disclosures were made the German prisoners had been ignored as a rule, as one would wish them to be.

GORDONS' ESCAPE FROM GERMANY.

NEARLY FOILED BY CHILDREN.

ALL-NIGHT VIGILS IN THE SWAMPS.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

"We consider ourselves the three luckiest men in creation, and that is putting it mildly."

These were the words of Lance-Corporal John Oliver, Gordon Highlanders, when a "Post Sunday Special" representative interviewed him at his home, 29 Urquhart Road, Aberdeen. He was describing the escape which, along with his two chums, Private Charles Learmouth, 44 Upper Kirkgate, Aberdeen, and Private William Cree, 43 Whifflet Street, Coatbridge, also of the Gordons, he effected from Germany, where the trio had been in captivity since the Battle of Mons.

Dame Fortune smiled upon us as she had never smiled upon anyone before, Private Oliver remarked, and now that we are back at our homes again we can hardly realise that it is true.

We have been in captivity chiefly at Sennelager and Obercastle, the latter place being in the Rhine Province, just near Dusseldorf. We were constantly being bullied by the Germans. Our food was not fit for pigs, and our sleeping accomodation inadequate.

Planning the Escape.

For many months escape was in my mind. I knew very well that it was hopeless to think of escape without being in possession of a compass, and if possible a map.

Meanwhile I had taken into my confidence my chum, Private Learmouth. Luck favoured us. One day I happened to be speaking to a Belgian civilian prisoner, who, I knew, was allowed to go into town every fortnight. I told him if he could possibly get a little compass for me it would be a great favour. I was acquainted with the French language, and was thus able to get on very friendly terms with him. The Belgian said he would do his best, and, sure enough, he succeeded.

One day, about a month later, he came to me with the very article. Unfortunately I had nothing special to give him in return, but he was quite content with a shirt of mine in payment.

I had to take the utmost care of the compass, and succeeded in keeping it amongst my bedclothes despite the frequent inspections of the guards. Pte. Learmonth had also struck oil, for whilst working at a farm he had found in an outhouse an old book which contained a small atlas, comprising a map of Germany, on which the towns, rivers, and railways were clearly marked.

Learmonth exercised the greatest care in keeping it from detection. Very often he had to bury it in the ground for fear of the guards finding it. Up to this time Pte. Cree was not in the know about our projected escape, but one afternoon, when quite near the time of the "plot," and whilst we were working in the camp, he happened to say to us he wished he could get away.

We did not let him into the secret at first, because we were not very anxious to spread the news. However, after a consultation with Learmonth, I let him into the secret, and told him we should be glad to have his company.

The night of Good Friday was the time arranged for our escape. I had found some tools in the camp, with which I was able to cut some of the barbed wire round the side of the camp.

The Shield of Night.

It was done under the cover of darkness, and once more I escaped detection. I had made a hole in the wash-house window, through which I could get into the camp. I was extremely lucky not to be caught by the sentry; and it proved to me that they were not very diligent at this particular part.

After the roll-call we got busy.

It was a very dark night when I made the excuse to go to the wash-house. I was followed by my two companions. I got through the hole in the window without much difficulty, but Learmonth, being a little stout, found it rather awkward. It was a tense moment, but after a struggle my Aberdeen chum got through, and Cree then followed. I crept through the wire into the long grass, and went on my hands and knees for about sixty yards, and then waited until my friends joined me. We all got away from the camp without being observed; and we did not even see the sentry.

In the darkness we pressed on for seven hours, keeping in the swampy ground and remaining on our hands and knees as much as possible.

Lying in the Swamp.

At four o'clock in the morning we halted, and were obliged to remain in the swamp all day. It was very trying. Sometimes we were up to the waist in water. We had very little food—just a few bars of chocolate, biscuits, and dates which had been sent from home.

We reached a navvymen's hut which was unoccupied, and it was there I took ill as the result of drinking some impure water.

My chums carried me in turn for several hours. We reached another hut in a forest, and found this was also unoccupied. We discovered some coffee, and took a big risk by lighting a fire. We made a hot breakfast, and I was much revived.

A few hours later we had a narrow escape, as on approaching a railway we saw a sentry, his bayonet gleaming in the moonlight. But we succeeded in eluding him, although our difficulties were not at an end, as early in the morning we were spotted by some children from a farmhouse. The kiddies rushed indoors and alarmed their parents, as they could see from the trousers we wore that we were prisoners. The father and mother of the children appeared, the former being armed with a gun.

We ran in the opposite direction at top speed, but the farmer followed a good distance, and tried a few shots

Over the Frontier.

Eventually we reached what is known as the Temple Wood, which is near the Dutch frontier. There was a German signboard at the entrance to the wood intimating that any civilian failing to answer the challenge of the sentry would be immediately shot. We judged we were near the German entrenchments, and struck into the wood as soon as possible. It was a case of going forward practically on all fours, and then remaining the whole of the day among the trees. At four o'clock the next morning we came to the outskirts of a village after three nights of toilsome travel. We had covered over sixty miles from Obercastle Camp, and we considered ourselves extremely lucky at being able to get through the entanglements. About five o'clock in the morning we met two boys with a hand-cart, and when they told us we were in Holland we could hardly refrain from cheering.

Pte. Learmonth, whom I also interviewed, said Pte. Oliver had been a real pal, and they relied on his sound judgment, although Oliver was the youngest of the trio. He led them like a general.

The three Gordons who escaped from Germany. Left to right, Lance-Corpl. John Oliver, Aberdeen; Private Cree, Coatbridge; and Private C. Learmonth, Aberdeen.

MYSTERIOUS IRISH CRIME.

LONELY COTTAGER'S TRAGIC FATE.

BODY THROWN ON MANURE HEAP.

Belfast, Saturday.

A mysterious crime has occurred at a place named Derreens, six miles from Newbridge, County Kildare. The victim of the terrible tragedy is an elderly woman named Mary Leeson, who lived alone in a small thatched cottage.

A labourer named Andrew Sweeney made the terrible discovery as he was passing the deceased's house on the way to his work. He was horrified to find the dead body of Mrs Leeson lying on a manure heap outside her cottage. The poor woman's throat was cut from ear to ear, and a bloodstained razor was lying by her side. The manure heap was saturated with blood, and there were indications that the lonely woman had made a desperate struggle for her life.

Motive of the Crime.

The house was completely ransacked, and it was apparent that robbery was the motive of the murderer, as a thorough search of the house by the police brought to light the fact that every penny of the dead woman's money was gone. The victim of the horrible affair had lived alone for the past seven years, being separated from her husband.

Neighbours say that there were no cries heard in the night, nor did they hear any sound of the body being removed from the house to the manure heap, where it was partially covered over.

Andrew Sweeney states that his attention was attracted to the scene of the murder by the lowing of the deceased's cow, which in his opinion was suffering from the pangs of hunger.

Naas Doctor's Deduction.

At the inquest, Dr Coady, of Naas, said the injuries of the woman were inflicted by a sharp instrument, such as a razor; they were not self-inflicted. From the way in which the wounds were slashed on the neck, he was of opinion that they were inflicted by someone with anatomical knowledge. On both sides of the neck there were gashes about three inches long, and the jugular veins were completely severed in each case. In reply to a juryman, the doctor stated that there had been no attempt at strangulation.

The Coroner said he did not think the jury would have much difficulty in coming to a verdict, as there was no doubt from the evidence but that a terrible murder had been committed. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased met her death from shock and hemorrhage resulting from wounds caused by some person or persons unknown.

GLASGOW CAR LOTTERY.

PIQUANT SEQUEL TO CRITICISM.

CHURCH APPLICATION WITHDRAWN.

Manager Dalrymple's Retort Courteous.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

"To be or not to be?" That is the question which is being asked in connection with the Glasgow Corporation War Comforts Fund, and it is a question which is threatening to rival the weather and the war as subjects of discussion.

As most of our readers are aware, Mr Dalrymple, general manager of the Tramways Department, instituted six weeks ago a system of selling to car passengers penny tickets, each of them bearing a number. The proceeds derived from the sale of the tickets were allocated each week to one or other of the recognised war funds, less a proportion which was expended in prizes, mainly war savings certificates. These prizes were awarded on the Art Union principle.

Against this principle very serious protest has been made by a number of clergymen and others, who can see no distinction between Mr Dalrymple's scheme and the Italian ice-cream vendor, who is prosecuted for having in his premises machines or appliances involving the element of chance.

Over £10,000 Raised.

But what of the other side of the picture—the simplicity of the scheme and the entire absence of the expenses which are usually such a serious item in the collection of money for charitable purposes? Up to the present well over £10,000 has been raised by means of the "car flutter," as it has been called, the following showing the manner in which the money was allocated for the six weeks beginning with March:—

H.L.I. Prisoners of War, ...	£1000
Y.M.C.A. Huts in France, ...	1000
S.R. Prisoners of War, ...	1000
Refugees (Polish, &c.), ...	1300
Paralysed Soldiers, ...	1300
Limbless Soldiers, ...	1300

In the list this week's allocation has not been included, because the exact amount will not be known until Monday or Tuesday, but it is to go to the support of the Scottish Women's Hospitals in certain countries. At the end of last week a total of £1578 12s 6d had been expended on prizes (pictures and war savings certificates), and there was a balance in hand of £562 13s 1d.

The Retort Courteous.

To his opponents Mr Dalrymple has made no answer—except his actions be accepted as the retort courteous. He let it be known that, among the applications for a share in the proceeds, was one made in connection with the work at the front of the Scottish Churches. The result was a prompt denial from a certain quarter, followed by a somewhat tardy withdrawal of the application—so tardy that all the bills had been printed and the other arrangements made for the allocation of the money subscribed next week.

At the eleventh hour Mr Dalrymple arranged that the money would be handed over to the committees who were looking after the sending out of comforts to the Glasgow boys in the Southern Scottish regiments on all the battle fronts, including not a few prisoners of war.

Another phase of his retort courteous was to intimate that during this week he would replace the "wee red box" on the city cars, so that those who desired to subscribe to the funds, but who objected to the element of gambling involved, could drop their contribution into the boxes without asking for a ticket in exchange for their copper.

The result, it is understood, will show that the total subscribed by the "conscientious objectors" by means of the familiar box amounted to about £30.

It is rather suggestive that, while the scheme is being criticised in the city of its birth, inquiries are being made on behalf of other municipalities, both north and south of the Tweed, as to the method of working the scheme. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and meantime the great majority of the citizens will consider that the end justifies the means, and will say to Mr Dalrymple, "Let your good work go on and prosper."

DEATH OF COATBRIDGE IRONMASTER.

Son of Founder of Phœnix Works.

Coatbridge, Saturday.

This morning a well-known citizen of Coatbridge in the person of Mr J. W. Arthur Spencer died at his residence, Woodside House. Deceased, who was only 46 years of age, was the only son of the late Treasurer Spencer, founder of the Phœnix Iron Works, Coatbridge, now incorporated with the Scottish Iron and Steel Company, Ltd., and was a Director of the company. He was a familiar figure in iron circles, and was connected with the management of the Phœnix Works for many years. He enjoyed his usual health on Friday. Deceased, who was an expert motorist, is survived by a widow and three children.

WAR BONUS FOR POLICEMEN.

Greenock, Saturday.

An application for an increase of pay was recently made by the members of the burgh police force. Following a report by the Chief Constable, the Magistrates have now dealt with the matter, and in view of the high cost of living it has been decided to grant all grades a war bonus of 3s 6d per week, to date from 1st April. The decision is subject to the approval of the Secretary for Scotland.

SUBSIDENCE AT BO'NESS.

Bo'ness, Saturday.

An alarming subsidence has occurred by the side of the North British Railway, opposite Bo'ness Harbour and Union Street, which runs parallel with the railway, and is closed to traffic.

By the side of the rails, within the boundary fence, a hole 3 ft. in diameter was formed, and the adjoining roadway is undermined to a considerable extent as a result of the fall.

By sinking trial pits it was discovered that at the part affected an old basin, or tidal harbour, existed at one time, and the hidden woodwork having decayed a "fall" of the undermined part was the inevitable result.

LANARK D.C.M. FALLS IN ACTION.

Lanark, Saturday.

Lieutenant John T. M'Callum, of the Canadian Infantry, was killed in action on 10th April. He was the eldest son of Mr and Mrs M'Callum, Glenmohr, Loch Road, Lanark, and went to Canada several years ago, being among the first to respond to the call of the Motherland. He rose rapidly to the rank of company-sergeant-major. About a month ago he was awarded the D.C.M. for two distinct acts of bravery, and later was promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

Manchester and Salford are thinking of following Glasgow's lead by establishing the penny lottery system on the tramcars as a means of helping war funds.

GOUROCK'S HOUSING PROBLEM.

New Goverment Scheme.

Gourock, Saturday Night.

The Admiralty are about to proceed with a second housing scheme in Gourock. Government officials along with members of the Town Council have inspected sites, and the one chosen is in the east end of the town, adjoining ground on which the first lot of fifty cottage houses are in course of completion. Other fifty dwellings of a similar type are to be erected.

The first choice of the houses will be given to shipyard workers. Housing accommodation in Gourock has been very scarce, even before the war began. The Town Council were approached by the Admiralty to launch a building scheme, but even with a promise of a subsidy they declined owing to the high cost.

This will make the fourth scheme in this district undertaken by the Government, and the demand for houses both in Greenock and Gourock still remains acute.

RECTOR OF BO'NESS ACADEMY RESIGNS.

Bo'ness, Saturday.

Mr William Gladstone, rector of Bo'ness Academy, has tendered his resignation owing to continued ill-health.

Mr Gladstone belongs to Newmains, Lanarkshire, and he went to Bo'ness thirty-three years ago to fill the position of headmaster of Kinneil Public School.

LONELY CROFTER'S TRAGIC END.

BURNT TO DEATH IN BLAZING SHEILING.

Islay, Saturday Night.

The death is reported under extremely tragic circumstances of Duncan M'Lellan (74), retired crofter, who resided alone in a small shieling at a place called Kilnave, Islay.

A nephew, who has a croft about five or six miles distant, observed smoke issuing from the cottage occupeid by his uncle, and on proceeding to the spot found the building ablaze, with the thatched roof already fallen in. Other crofters in the district assisted in throwing buckets of water on the flames, but when entrance was gained to the interior of the shieling the body of the septuagenarian was found to be charred beyond recognition.

Old M'Lellan had been staying alone for many years. The roof of his cottage had been thatched with dried turf, and it is surmised that the fire originated in this material.

LEAP FROM MOVING TRAIN.

Soldier's Double Escape at Perth

Perth, Saturday Night.

A daring attempt to escape was made by a military prisoner while being brought to Perth this afternoon. It appears that the soldier, who is a private in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was recently an inmate of the Detention Barracks at Perth. He belongs to the Glasgow district, and is a young man of about eighteen years of age. Some days ago, on the occasion of a route march at Perth, he pretended illness, and was allowed to fall out of the ranks, another soldier being detailed to take charge.

Despite the fact that he had his full kit and rifle at the time, he succeeded in escaping from his escort, and although a vigilant search was immediately instituted he evaded capture. Nothing further was heard of him until the other day, when he was recaptured in the West. To-day he was brought back to the Detention Barracks at Perth. He was handcuffed during the greater part of the journey, and it is understood that, after passing Bridge of Earn, the handcuffs were removed to allow him to put on his kit.

He appears to have seized this as another opportunity for making a bid for freedom, and as the train was emerging from Moncreiffe Tunnel he made a dash for liberty, and succeeded in jumping from one of the windows or doors of the corridor. The alarm was immediately raised, and on a search being made the soldier was found near the spot where he had sprung from the carriage. He was severely, although not seriously, injured, and was conveyed to an hospital in Perth.

AYRSHIRE HOUSING CONDITIONS.

Kilmarnock, Saturday.

At the quarterly meeting held to-day of the Insurance Committee for the County of Ayr some startling figures were submitted in a report on the administration of sanatorium benefit during 1916. The total number of applications was 262, and 124 of the applicants were under twenty years of age. Hurlford was responsible for the greatest number—thirty—while New Cumnock, from which no applications were received in 1914, contributed twenty-seven cases in 1916. The report blames bad housing conditions and overcrowding as being too often the causes of the disease, and adds:—"There would appear to be little sense in taking from an overcrowded, insanitary dwelling and treating in an institution a person who, after treatment, requires to return to conditions which, if they were not the primary cause of the trouble, conduced to it."

SUDDEN DEATHS IN GOVAN.

Govan, Saturday Night.

Two sudden deaths in Plantation district have been reported to the Govan police to-night.

David Brown, seventy years of age, house painter, residing at 90 Govan Road, was found dead on the floor of the kitchen at the above address. He had not been seen for the past ten days, and the neighbours became suspicious, and reported the matter to the police.

Hugh Donelly, forty-four years of age, a labourer, residing at 126 Blackburn Street, died suddenly on the floor of the kitchen at the above address this afternoon. He had been ailing for some considerable time, having met with an accident whilst unloading a vessel some time ago in the harbour.

KILMARNOCK OFFICER KILLED.

Kilmarnock, Saturday.

Information has been received of the death in action on 11th April of Second-Lieutenant Graeme G. Lang, K.O.S.B., second son of Mr James Lang, C.E., road surveyor for the Kilmarnock district of the county of Ayr. Lieutenant Lang was a medical student at Glasgow University, where he was a member of the Officers' Training Corps, receiving his commission in July, 1915. His father left for France last week to take up a Government appointment in connection with the roads.

HELENSBURGH BANKER DIES FROM WOUNDS.

Helensburgh, Saturday.

Lieutenant John Fyshe Campbell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, has succumbed to wounds received in action. Lieutenant Campbell on the outbreak of war was a non-commissioned officer in the A. and S.H. He was a native of Largs, and came to Helensburgh eight years ago to act as teller in the Clydesdale Bank.

FARMERS WANT BETTER PRICE FOR MILK.

DISSATISFACTION WITH GOVERNMENT ORDER.

Hamilton, Saturday.

Taking advantage of the many Lanarkshire farmers who were in the town yesterday and to-day in connection with the April feeing fair, meetings have been held of the Lanarkshire branch of the Farmers' Union to discuss the conditions fixed by the Government in relation to the milk supply.

Mr Thomas Macaulay, Turnlow Farm, who presided at the meetings, explained that the Government's Order for the summer price of milk fixed it at 6½d above the 1914 basis. The Executive of the Farmers' Union were strongly of the opinion that the pre-war basis should be swept away entirely, and that prices should be allowed to adjust themselves as between producer and consumer.

The feeling of the Lanarkshire farmers in attendance at the meetings appeared to be that the 1914 price was not a fair basis for the coming summer, when grass was likely to be scarce and foodstuffs costly. Something like 8½d or 9d above the 1914 rate was necessary to sufficiently recoup the dairy farmers.

FIFE POTATO SCRAMBLE SCENES.

Over Two Tons Sold in an Hour

Dunfermline, Saturday Night.

A scene of great animation was witnessed at the premises of a retail potato merchant in Dunfermline this afternoon. By some means it was learned by residents in the town, and even by people living beyond the municipal boundaries, that either last night or early this morning the merchant had taken delivery of a load of potatoes. At six o'clock in the morning prospective purchasers—school children for the most part—carrying baskets, sacks, and other receptacles, began to assemble in the vicinity of the store.

An hour or so thereafter a notice was posted outside the premises intimating that the sale of the potatoes would not begin until two o'clock in the afternoon. Quite a number of the earlier arrivals quitted the scene, to return at a later hour, but there were a few, evidently from a distance, who determined to wait, in the hope that they would be the first purchasers. The crowd of expectant purchasers, which later included many women, greatly increased, until long before two o'clock had arrived it numbered no less than 600 persons. Such was the state of matters when the sale began that some of the younger children were placed in a position of jeopardy.

The services of two police officers were requisitioned to regulate the traffic outside the shop. Within the scramble to secure the potatoes was so intense that many of the women emerged in a very dishevelled condition.

Within an hour the entire stock—two and a half tons—had been cleared out.

SUGAR SCARCITY IN THE VALE.

Alexandria, Saturday.

Considerable discussion took place at the meeting of the Bonhill Parish Council on the scarcity of sugar in the Vale of Leven district.

Mr John Barton held that they were not getting a fair amount. They were being supplied on the basis of the population several years ago, and no account had been taken of the large number of people employed in the local munition works. They were not even getting half a pound per week for each member of a household, and some families had to go several weeks without the commodity. The grocers were doing their best with the supplies they were receiving.

It was unanimously decided to petition the Food Controller on the subject.

SHANDON SHOOTING ACCIDENT.

Shandon, Saturday.

Mr Alexander P. Lyon, head gardener to Lady Macleod, Fuinary, Shandon, met with a distressing shooting accident.

It appears that Mr Lyon had gone to shoot a hawk which had been making depredations among the poultry, and was carrying the gun behind him with the barrel downwards. It is supposed that it came in contact with his right foot, and went off, and the contents were discharged into his right heel.

He was removed in the ambulance to the Victoria Infirmary, Helensburgh.

ENTERTAINING WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Busby, Saturday Night.

The lady clerks in the Corporation Collector's Department (Mr John M'Ewan) this afternoon entertained a party of wounded soldiers from Stobhill Hospital to a trip to Eaglesham. To that high-lying and picturesque village they were welcomed by the Rev. Mr Seath, the newly-appointed minister of the parish, and Mr William Browning, schoolmaster. The afternoon was very pleasantly spent with games and a tea, for which the bracing air had given the men a good appetite. The admirable arrangements were made by a committee, and Mr M'Dougall, the convener, was assisted by Mr Robert S. Henderson, whose local knowledge proved very valuable to the committee.

GLASGOW BRASS-FOUNDER'S ESTATE.

Blairmore, Saturday.

The inventory of the estate of Mr W. R. Proudfoot, brassfounder, Duncreggan, Blairmore, who was in business in Glasgow as a brassfounder, has been lodged with Mr James Stewart, Sheriff Clerk of Argyllshire, Dunoon. The personal estate is £9587 9s, and the heritage £884, a total of £10,451 9s. Over £500 has been paid in death duty.

"VICTORY IS OURS."

Sergeant Martin Cassidy, Military Medallist, and Sapper Edward Cassidy, D.C.M.

The brothers Cassidy, who were both born in Hamilton, but later migrated to the East of Scotland, are of opinion that the end of the war is in sight. These gallant heroes who have been several times commended for their pluck, were with the first force that landed in France.

"I never was so confident of victory as I am at the present time," writes Sergeant Cassidy in a letter to a Hamilton rerative. "Germany is a spent force; she has shot her bolt, and she knows it! It easily takes six Germans to equal one good British soldier. I don't think we have much longer to sweat out here, for the victory is almost won."

Sapper E. Cassidy, D.C.M., who shares his brother's optimism, was given a public testimonial by the people of Musselburgh in March of last year.

COATBRIDGE NON-COM.'S BEQUEST.

DAY'S OUTING FOR SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

Coatbridge, Saturday.

The late Mr James Cunningham M'Naught, solicitor, Coatbridge, thereafter a corporal in the H.L.I., stationed at Prees Camp, Shropshire, and latterly lance-sergeant, who was killed at Loos on 1st July, 1916, has set apart in his will, free of duty, the sum of £600, to be invested in the names of Patrick Brough and Oswald Baxter, Wemyss Park, Blairhill, Coatbridge, or the survivor of them jointly with the Provost and Town Clerk of Coatbridge or their respective successors in office to apply the full annual income arising from this sum in providing annually for such numbers of poor children of Protestant parents resident in Coatbridge, preference being given to children of soldiers and sailors who have been killed or disabled in the present war, a day's outing and entertainment at some suitable seaside resort.

MILITARY MEDAL FOR STRATHTAY OFFICER.

Ballinluig, Saturday.

Second-Lieutenant George Scott, of the Black Watch, youngest son of Major Scott, Eastereyre House, Ballinluig, has been awarded the Military Cross for distinguished service in the field.

The news was conveyed by special certificate and an official telegram.

It is understood that the officer had charge of a bombing raid on the enemy trenches just prior to the big advance, and personally accounted for a large number of Germans.

Prior to entering the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps he was engaged in agricultural pursuits.

Lieutenant Scott was a prominent Rugby player and a clever boxer.

FLOWER DAY IN DUNDEE

Dundee, Saturday.

With the object of raising funds for providing wool to willing knitters for socks for Dundee soldiers on service, a Flower Day was held in the city to-day. The event was organised by the Dundee Women's War Relief Committee.

During the past six months the committee have distributed 3,000 comforts, and within recent months 500 appeals have been made for more comforts, and it is satisfactory to know that the majority of these have been responded to.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL IN GLASGOW.

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

A dozen years ago few ministers were better known or more widely talked about than the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who, until recently, occupied the pulpit of the City Temple, that bulwark of British Nonconformity.

Mr Campbell, as everyone knows, is now attached to the Church of England, but the interest in the man shows no sign of abatement on that account. This week-end he is in Glasgow, his most important engagement being to-morrow forenoon, when he is the preacher in the Cathedral Church of St Mary.

This afternoon Mr Campbell performed the opening ceremony at a "bring and buy" sale in connection with St Mary's Cathedral Day School. The Very Rev. Provost Deane presided.

Things the War Has Taught Us.

Mr Campbell, in the course of an interesting address on educational matters, said the war had taught us a great many things, among them—judging by the recent speech of the Minister of Education—being the value of the education of the children of the whole nation. Before the war, he was afraid we were rather grudging in regard to what we were prepared to do for the children of the people, but now we were spending in the course of a single day a sum that before the war we would have grudged to spend upon secondary education in a whole year. If we want to keep ourselves in the van of the nations that grudging spirit must go.

An important question was the nature of the education. Here, again, the war had taught us a terrible lesson. Before the war he was one of those who did not think that Western civilisation was in a very satisfactory condition. If ever there was a Nemesis it was the Nemesis of the war upon the ideals for which Western civilisation stood before the war.

"If you want a synonym for devil," said Mr Campbell, "I do not think you need go beyond intellectual efficiency carried to its highest point, and divorced for morals and religion."

That was what happened in Germany, and what was in process of happening in other countries. We were pleasure-seeking. More and more was it true that our habits of industry were on the decline; we were tending to emphasise rights rather than duties, while the reverse should be the case; and we were talking about divorcing religion entirely from intellectual concerns.

ONE OF SEVEN SOLDIER BROTHERS.

Military Funeral at Inverness.

Inverness, Saturday Night.

To-day the remains of a gallant Highlander, one of seven brothers serving with the colours, who was fatally wounded in the Arras battle, and died in a London hospital, were interred in Tomnahurich Cemetery.

The deceased, Pte. Alex. Proudfoot, Seaforth Highlanders, was only 20 years of age, and had seen considerable fighting. This is the first break in this patriotic Inverness family, and much sympathy was extended to Mr Proudfoot's father, who is well known in the capital of the Highlands.

GERMAN PRISONERS CURSE THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

Kirkcaldy, Saturday Night.

Among the sick and wounded soldiers on board one of our hospital ships when it was torpedoed without warning was Lance-Corporal William D. Galloway, Machine Gun Corps, Alexandra Street, Kirkcaldy.

In a letter to his brother he relates his experiences. Before being picked up he and his comrades were exposed to the wind and waves, and were soaked to the skin, but kindly treated by the seamen who rescued them.

Besides the wounded and sick on board were two German prisoners, and Lance-Corporal Galloway says that after the explosion they cursed and called their countrymen savages.

CARLUKE MEDALLIST KILLED.

Carluke, Saturday.

Information has reached Carluke that Corporal James D. Tait, Military Medallist, Canadian Mounted Infantry, was killed in France on 10th April. Corporal Tait was the eldest son of Mr and Mrs Adam Tait, Chapel Street, Carluke, and was twenty-seven years of age.

QUINTETTE OF GLASGOW MUNITIONEERS.

CLYDE STEAMER SERVICE

SERIOUS OUTLOOK FOR COAST RESORTS.

Dunoon, Saturday Night.

From the Town Council to the man in the street the people of Dunoon are downhearted this week over the suspension of the all-the-way river steamer service. The intimation came unexpectedly, and no explanation is offered by the Government authorities as to the step they have taken. To say that the suspension of the system will be a loss to Dunoon is to put it mildly; it will be a disaster.

The Town Council is taking action in the matter, and is in communication with the naval commander at Ardrossan, and also with Sir John S. Ainsworth, M.P. for the county, and Mr Harry A. Watt, M.P., who lives in the burgh. The Town Clerk, in his communication with the steamer owners, was unable to get any explanation regarding the stoppage of the service, but to-day he received intimation from Sir John Ainsworth that he is now in consultation with the Admiralty, and is hopeful of an early resumption of the service.

ROTHESAY'S HOPE.

Rothesay, Saturday.

The stoppage of the all-the-way sailings from Glasgow to Dunoon is regarded as a hopeful augury that the coast resorts in the higher reaches will this season be placed on more level terms with Rothesay, Millport, and other resorts lower down in regard to steamer facilities.

It is hoped that the result of the present Admiralty inquiries into the Clyde steamer service will lead to the resumption of the all-the-way sailings to Bute resorts. Rothesay Town Council is making energetic representations to this end in influential quarters.

HOUSING CONFERENCE AT GREENOCK.

Request For State Aid.

Greenock, Saturday.

Greenock has an acute housing problem, and to-day a conference was held in the Engineers' Hall, when the need for Government action was strongly emphasised. Councillor Lemmon presided, and representatives were present from the Scottish National Labour Housing Association, including County Councillor Joseph Sullivan, Harthill, and Councillor Andrew Murray, Barrhead.

The shortage of working-class houses was described by the speakers as a serious menace to the health of the community, and the conference passed a resolution calling upon the Government to remove war restrictions so that local authorities may proceed with the housing schemes on garden suburb lines, and also to make grants in aid to enable the dwellings to be let at rentals within the means of wage earners.

A local association was formed to further the objects in view.

ABERDEEN GIRL FAILS

In Action Against a Doctor

Aberdeen, Saturday.

At Aberdeen to-day Sheriff Young issued his interlocutor in an action brought by Flora Bisset, aged thirteen, with consent of her father, Peter Bisset, warehouseman, 294 Union Grove, against a well-known city medical practitioner, Dr Gall, 1 Posis Terrace, to recover £100 damages for injuries sustained by her through being knocked down by defender's motor car.

His Lordship finds that pursuer, after alighting from a tramcar near Brighton Place, went quickly round the rear of the car, and, going at a run across the centre way, came into collision with defender's car, being knocked down and injured.

It was not proved that the accident was the fault of the driver. Defender was assoilzied with expenses.

MONTROSE MEN KILLED IN ACTION.

Montrose, Saturday Night.

Private William Craig, Seaforth Highlanders, who was for nine years a joiner in the employment of Mr D. D. Balfour, boxmaker, has fallen in action.

He was thirty-four years of age, and leaves a widow and three children.

Private D. Alexander, Cameron Highlanders, who has also made the supreme sacrifice, was in the employment of the Co-Operative Association for about six years.

NEWPORT OFFICER KILLED.

Dundee, Saturday.

Mr Charles W. Buik, Bracknowe, West Newport, received a sad blow this morning.

On Monday last he was informed by an official telegram that his son, Lieutenant Henry Douglas Buik, Royal Scots Fusiliers, had been wounded, but the latest information received this morning was that he was now reported killed in action. Lieutenant Buik, who was twenty-seven years of age, was in Johannesburg when war broke out, but came home in the summer of 1915 to enlist in the A. and S.H. After seeing service in France he was gazetted to commissioned rank.

PAISLEY M.C. FALLS.

Paisley, Saturday.

Lieutenant W. B. M'Arthur, M.C., of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, has just been killed in action. Though resident in Danebury, New Malden, he was a native of Paisley, and was employed with the Canadian Pacific Company in London when he joined the London Regiment in September, 1914.

He received his Military Cross in March, 1915, for a deed of heroism in France which was much commented on at the time in the official records of the daily press.

A sale of work held yesterday afternoon in connection with St Peter's Episcopal Church, Montrose, realised £36.

Starts To-Day. **The Most Astounding Revelations of the War.**

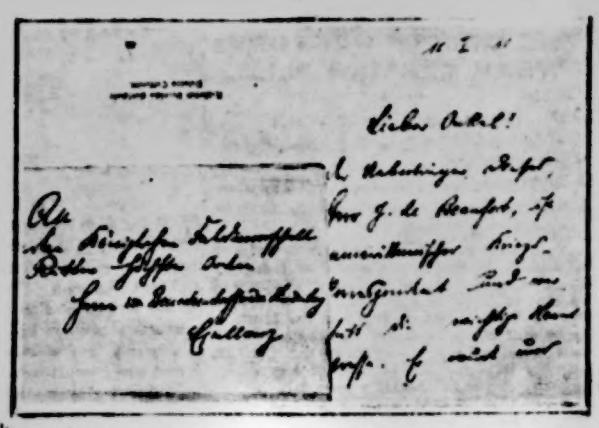
BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

By J. M. de BEAUFORT,

The Man who Interviewed Hindenburg and "Prayed" with the Kaiser.

Mr J. M. de Beaufort is a Hollander by birth and parentage, but received part of his education in Germany. It was at great personal risk that he recently went through Germany with the fixed determination of getting facts. Greatly aided by his possession of a letter of introduction to Hindenburg, he obtained a thorough insight into the Military, Naval, Diplomatic, and Civil Conditions in Hunland. The serial rights of "Behind the German Veil" have been secured exclusively for "The Post Sunday Special." This week Mr de Beaufort commences the story of his dramatic adventures.

THE AUTHOR IN HIS "UNIFORM" SOMEWHERE IN POLAND.



THE MAGIC KEY. MR DE BEAUFORT'S LETTER OF INTRODUCTION TO HINDENBURG, WRITTEN BY HIS NEPHEW. THE ADDRESS READS: TO THE ROYAL FIELD-MARSHAL, KNIGHT OF THE HIGHEST ORDER, HERR VON BENECKENDORFF AND VON HINDENBURG. THE PORTION OF THE LETTER REPRODUCED READS: "DEAR UNCLE, THE BEARER OF THIS, MR J. DE BEAUFORT, IS AN AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENT AND IMPORTANT PRESS REPRESENTATIVE. HE ONLY WISHES . . . . . .

"THERE is no German Veil; we have nothing to hide." Thus Major Deutelmoser, Chief of the Press Department of the General Staff in Berlin, countered when I jestingly remarked that I had come to Germany "to have a peep behind the veil." How many a true word is spoken in jest!

I received practically the same reply everywhere whenever I suggested the veil or "behind the scenes."

"We have nothing to hide," thundered Major Herwarth von Bitterfeld, of the Intelligence Service. "The German Veil is only another of the many inventions of our enemies, chiefly the English. You can see everything in Germany; go anywhere, everything is open and above board."

"The German Veil is a myth," said Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, of the Foreign Office; "it is as great a myth as the British Fleet in the German Ocean (German for North Sea). It does not exist. It is an illusion."

There you are, dear reader, three opinions thrown at me—nay, I feel inclined to say jammed down my throat—many times a day during the months I spent in Germany.

It was after several months at the Belgian front and in France that the London Daily Telegraph, in conjunction with several American publications, offered me a special journalistic mission, viz., to go to Germany, I accepted with alacrity.

It has been suggested—I have seen it in print—that I undertook my trip on behalf of the British Intelligence Service.

I held no brief, neither for the British nor for any other Government, and I have never received, nor asked, one single penny from any other sources but those in payment for journalistic and literary material which has been published.

Setting out for the True Facts of Internal Germany.

I started on my mission, and entered Germany with as far as possible an open mind. I could not honestly say at that time that I hated the Germans; I merely had no use for them. Besides, I have always believed that the spigit of hatred is a great drawback to any journalist. It tends to blind intelligent observation; it makes him see matters distorted. I wanted no secrets, naval, military, or otherwise; I wanted news, straight, honest, reliable news, to take back with me to England. My likes or dislikes had nothing to do with my work. I entered upon my mission in exactly the same spirit as I would have had in Paris, Rome, Petrograd, Constantinople, &c.

Alas! I soon found that straight, reliable, honest news an elusive fairy in Germany today.

"We have nothing to hide." M'm! only you must look at everything with German-coloured glasses.

Except in the case of certain show prisoners' camps, every journalist is rigorously excluded from Belgium, Luxembourg, and Poland, which have remained terra incognita to all journalists, except those who have given abundant proofs that they were willing to read and see everything with German spectacles. And even they are not allowed to roam at large. If you want any interviews you must accept the "made in Germany" variety. In fine, they have "nothing to hide," but you must ask no questions; you must travel round Germany hand in hand with your German guardian angel, who watches and wards you night and day; and except when he tells you to "Stop, look, and listen," you must "Move on," deaf, dumb, and blind!

There are three different ways open to a journalist in the Fatherland.

The first way—and to some of the fraternity the simplest and easiest—is to throw all self-respect to the winds; to learn to recite Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate," forwards, backwards, and sideways; to write daily eulogies on the land that holds the monopoly of "Kultur"; in short, to become a German press agent.

The second procedure is to remain quietly in Berlin and swallow (or at least pretend to) the periodical items of "news" that the G.G.S. and the F.O. ladle out to you, while at the same time you are gathering your own impressions and drawing your own conclusions.

My Hazardous Undertaking.

The third method is the most interesting but, of course, equally the most hazardous. Just take your pen—I almost said "gun"—and prowl about the country and see what you can pot.

I chose the third method of working.

It was not entirely a matter of choice either.

When I presented my credentials to Judge Gerard in Berlin he made me feel at home at once by inquiring after the health and welfare of "Bob," my faithful dog-friend of twelve years' standing. Judge Gerard, although not a personal acquaintance of mine, had known of my work in America, and he passed me on to various German officials. I feel almost tempted to include in this preamble of thanks Prince von Bülow, his able private secretary, Dr Friedrich, and Herr von Hindenburg, first secretary of the German Embassy in Rome at the time, for their many valuable letters of introduction to prominent German officials. But perhaps they would not appreciate it!

I stood the preliminary test! I had proved myself sufficiently neutral, and therefore I should be given all possible assistance to enable me to obtain in Germany material for—"Articles of the right sort!"—as one of my letters of introduction described it. H'm! I thought, our ideas might differ somewhat on the definition of the "right sort."

I started out on my mission with over thirty letters of introduction to many prominent Germans, almost from the Kaiser downwards. It was more than hinted to me that through those letters I might even obtain an audience with the War Lord.

Anyhow, the list was important and interesting, if only on account of its heterogeneous composition.

My Trip to the Eastern Front and Visit to Hindenburg.

"This is all you will need in Germany," said young Hindenburg, nephew of the great General, as he gave me a letter of introduction to his illustrious uncle. And he was right. That letter proved an open sesame wherever I went in Germany. It would be interesting to know how many people read it (it was open, of course) before I finally presented it to Hindenburg himself.

The only difficulties I met with occurred in Berlin. There, what with the bickerings and jealousies between the Foreign Office and the General Staff, I was kept waiting while the weeks slipped by. At the General Staff, as soon as they had seen my letter to Hindenburg they were quite agreeable, but the Foreign Office was not. They wanted me to serve the usual term of three months' apprenticeship, customary for all neutral journalists. They wanted to make certain that I was really "neutral" (read—pro-German)

As Baron Mumm, of the Foreign Office, put it—"We want to know you a bit better, and, ahem! see something of your work."

When my permits for the eastern front remained elusive I called on those two ever-valiant allies of all intrepid and adventurous journalists—"Cheek and Chance"—and decided that, pass or no pass, I would go and present my letter to General Hindenburg, or . . . land in gaol in the attempt!

I must explain here that the whereabouts of Hindenburg's headquarters were by no means as common knowledge in Germany as British or French headquarters are in England and France. It is a carefully-guarded secret, and I am sure that not one German in ten thousand knew in those days where Hindenburg really was. To go off in search of Hindenburg along an eight-hundred-mile front would be like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack, and be, to say the least, a somewhat dangerous wild-goose chase. I was up against a difficult proposition

To ask anyone in the know outright would have been very unwise, not to say downright foolhardy, and, anyhow, would not have had the desired effect. Newspaper correspondents, whether German or neutral, were just as ignorant of Hindenburg's whereabouts as the great majority of people. With the exception of von Wiegand, I doubt whether any neutral journalist has ever been to Hindenburg's headquarters, or at least had, at that time.

I had to resort to strategy, and I regret to say that it took the shape of French champagne, which, as I soon discovered, was the most popular beverage amongst the officers of the Berlin General Staff.

Fates Are Kind to Me.

The fates were kind to me. I think Dame Fortune must have a sneaking regard for journalism. Maybe it is a sign of the times—"It pays to advertise."

After a week of night sittings—some of them all-night affairs—one of my many esteemed guides and advisers, Major Herwarth von Bitterfeld, of the General Staff, revealed to me one night in the small hours the magic name of Hindenburg's headquarters.

True, it was not until we had drained the third bottle of Pol Roger, but, then, what are three bottles amongst—enemies?

I knew that Hindenburg had been at the fortress of Posen for some time, so in the course of conversation I mentioned the magnificent old castle there as such a fit and appropriate place for Hindenburg.

"Why, man," roared the now genial major, forgetting that my rooms were flanked by occupied bedrooms, and that the hour was 3.30 a.m., "I think you m-m-must be d-d-drunk, or are you a-s-sleep? You're a fine sort of wide-awake journalist. Hindenburg left Posen months ago. At present he is at Fortress Boyen, near that dirty little hole, Lötzen. No castle there, I can tell you."

The major was in that happy condition, the borderland between sober and drunk. Perhaps it was a good thing, because otherwise he might have seen me catch my breath and noticed the sudden gleam in my eye. It may not strike you as affording cause for so much satisfaction, but all I can say is that if you had tried for six weeks to learn the name of a certain place, and especially one of extreme importance, well—I was satisfied.

Planning My Eastern Campaign.

"They DO keep changing about," I remarked in an offhand way.

"Rather," acquiesced the major. "They have to. The whole eastern front is simply honeycombed with spies. We learnt from several sources that the Russians would rather see Hindenburg shot than take a hundred thousand prisoners. They believe that he is the keystone, the very heart and brains of our eastern campaign."

"And isn't he?" I inquired. (This last remark suggested hidden possibilities.) The major looked wise—that is, as wise as it was possible for him to look in his condition. He lifted his glass to me, tried to wink one eye, but could not make up his mind which, so winked both, and slowly said—"Eh, speaking about our friend the enemy, the Russians, here is our daily toast to them, 'Long life to Grand Duke Nicholas,' or, as our Irish friends would say, 'May his shadow never grow less.'"

After having drained his glass he wiped his mouth and moustache with the back of his hand, and then settled down a bit deeper into my best armchair. "Hindenburg is a great General, but Ludendorff is—his Chief of Staff," he pronounced cryptically. "If the truth were known, you would find that Ludendorff is the real brains of our eastern campaign." Alas! at this juncture the major crossed the borderline, and not many minutes later was snoring merrily. I wanted to get rid of him now, as I had to plan MY eastern campaign. I telephoned downstairs to the Adlon Hotel, and when I heard that some of the major's cronies were still down there, asked that someone should be sent up to fetch him. Two of them came, but another "brimful" hour elapsed before I got rid of them. I learnt the next morning that they continued the session downstairs in the bar till nearly 7 a.m.

And now to work. "Feste Boyen," "Lötzen," "Feste Boyen," "Lötzen," where the deuce may they be? Truth to tell, I had never heard of either of them, but the excellent German General Staff maps soon helped me out. Boyen is a small fortress in the Masurian Lake district, near the town of Lötzen and in close proximity to the Polish frontier. They lay at quite a respectable distance from Berlin. I discovered that if I could board one of the special eastern trains running nightly from Berlin to Allenstein—a ten hours' trip—I would then be within about seventy miles of the eastern headquarters. Once at Allenstein, I would have to trust to luck once more, and either hire a motor, persuade someone to give me a lift, or manage to steal on board one of the military trains.

Then I went to bed and slept the sleep of the successful, the sweetest sleep of all.

A Midnight Departure.

In the afternoon I went shopping. I bought all that was necessary for a winter trip into Poland. True, I already had a fair outfit, but, of course, I could not be seen leaving the hotel with any luggage. I would not have gone far! I placed my purchases in a suitcase and drove to the Friedrichstrasse Station, where I deposited it in the cloakroom. At night I dined at the hotel, not omitting to dress as usual, went to the hotel office, and engaged a seat for one of the theatres and proceeded thither.

The Eastern express was scheduled to leave at 11 p.m. At 10.40 I telephoned from a public call office to the hotel that I had met an old friend and was going to spend a few days with him.

The Friedrichstrasse Station is the Charing Cross and Victoria combined of Berlin, only still more important. There are few military trains that do not either start from there or pass through. That is the reason why it is one of the best-guarded stations in Germany and one of the hardest to get into.

When I alighted from my taxi at the Friedrichstrasse Station there were a number of soldiers standing close to the entrance. They all jumped into position and saluted. That gave me a sudden inspiration. Though I was not wearing a uniform, of course, I had the next best thing to it. I wore my long British-made automobile coat, buttoned high a la militaire, a green peakless cap with a chin strap (quickly lowered), and on it the large badge of a neutral coat-of-arms.

Shortly after 11 p.m. on a cold March night I left Berlin on my way to see Hindenburg. "How far would I get?" was a question which frequently entered my mind. Dame Fortune still seemed to favour me.

At the next station (Berlin—Exchange) several officers boarded the train. One of them, a very young "Fähnrich" (i.e., Ensign), entered my compartment. Of course, he noticed at once my evening clothes, my military-looking greatcoat, and the badge on my cap, and—like a German—was not going to take any chances. (The German reasoning in rendering military salutes is somewhat on the following lines:—"When in doubt, presume he's a General; you may be wrong, but it's better to treat a captain as a General than a General as a captain.") So he saluted, clicked his heels, bowed, and begged my thousand pardons for having to disturb me, but, "if I would graciously permit it," his sleeping-car ticket assigned to him the upper berth of my compartment. Of course, I did graciously permit it, and soon put him at his ease. But though he was soon reassured that I was not a General. I made a point of showing him my letter of introduction to von Hindenburg, which had almost the same effect. He jumped up again, apologised, clicked his heels, &c., and inquired whether I was sure I did not mind his remaining there, &c., &c.

I Meet Young Bethmann Hollweg.

He left me, evidently to tell his friends about it, and a little later there came a procession of seven of them to the door of my compartment, to pay—please don't laugh—their respects. One after another they stood in the narrow opening, saluted, clicked their heels so as to make their spurs ring, and in short, snappy words said:—"Erlaube die Ehre mich vorzustellen, von Plewe" ("I have the honour to present myself, von Plewe" and off he marched to make room for the next, who repeated to a word the same formula. In that way I met young von Bethmann Hollweg, cousin of the German Chancellor. Be it said right here, I found him a very decent fellow. There was no dining or restaurant car on that train (most of them had been transformed into ambulance cars), but, nevertheless, we found conviviality in spirits. Purely as a matter of precaution against the cold, I had amongst my provisions a large bottle of old French cognac. I little thought when I bought it in the morning that scarcely twelve hours later it would begin its career of usefulness. We sat up till after 2 a.m.—Plewe, von Bethmann, young Freiherr von ——, and another officer whose name I have forgotten. My bottle was soon emptied, but was replaced by one from a parcel—a "Liebesgabe" ("love-gift") which a pretty admirer had sent to von Plewe. They had been on four days' leave, and were now rejoining their regiment.

I asked them whether they were by any chance passing through "Lötzen," and it is a good thing that my voice did not reveal all the anxiety that was in my heart. Alas! no; they were only going as far as Allenstein, and from there were continuing by car to Ortelsburg. Lötzen was in the opposite direction. What a pity! It would have been so pleasant to travel all the way in such congenial company. They assured me that I would have no difficulty at Allenstein in finding suitable transport to Lötzen, as there were always numerous cars passing up and down to headquarters; and if none of these could take me, there were also frequent military trains. "Of course," von Bethmann concluded, "anyone in your position" (I could not help smiling at this—mentally, of course) "won't have the slightest difficulty in obtaining permission to travel by any conveyance that is available."

Needless to say, I did not sleep much that night. First, because of the excitement of the adventure; secondly, because I wanted to see as much as I could of the places we passed through; thirdly, because—well, never mind the third reason.

Adventures at Posen—In Pyjamas.

We arrived at the fortress of Posen at 4 a.m. As we had half-an-hour to wait, I thought a little walk might be interesting and beneficial! I slipped my greatcoat over my pyjamas, thrust my bare feet in my pumps, and a minute later was out on the platform.

Posen was at the time, and for that matter still is, one of the most important points in the German lines of communication. It is a formidable fortress and the railhead of a number of strategic railroads from east, west, north, and south

All communications with the Eastern front pass through Posen. Lines from Breslau (and through Breslau to Galicia), from Berlin, Frankfurt, Stettin, Thorn, Danzig, and Königsberg meet here. It is, so to speak, the point of distribution for men and material for the eastern front. Needless to say that it was most zealously guarded against spies and "accidents" of any kind.

Every track of the large station was occupied by military trains, mostly filled with troops. One train of nearly forty trucks was loaded exclusively with automobiles. What an eloquent story the different freight-cars told. There were very few German ones amongst them. Most of them bore French and Belgian names—Lille, Maubeuge, Brussels, Dinant, Liége, Anvers—all bearing the usual legend of so many "Hommes" and so many "Chevaux."

That is the place I found myself at one March morning about 4 a.m.

My Troubles Begin.

I had felt somewhat tempted to invite my fellow-traveller, the young ensign, to accompany me. (It is always well to be properly chaperoned in such places as Posen when short of permits.) But considering that it was his last night in bed, I had not the heart to wake him up and drag him out. I thought of borrowing his helmet, and tried it on; but, alas! it was about three sizes too small, and stuck on the back of my head like the familiar monkey cap.

About a hundred yards from the platform I noticed a large electric sign—"Restauration." I thought that a cup of hot coffee might be an excellent "chaser" of my train-sickness, and before long I was blowing over a cup of the welcome brew.

It came near to being the most expensive cup of coffee I had ever touched.

The waiting-room was filled with soldiers and presented a picture worthy of the brush of a De Neuville or a Detaille. The scene was interesting—Soldiers of all ranks, ages, and branches filled the large hall. Every one of them was in full field kit, and the majority still wore small nosegays on their helmets, in their button-holes, and sometimes even in the muzzle of their rifles. I did not omit to look at their shoulder-straps, just for the sake of curiosity, and discovered that they belonged to the 21st, 22d, and 25th Infantry Brigades and the 63d and 157th Cavalry Brigades.

They seemed quite cheerful, and several of them were singing in quartette or quintette a song telling of the future meeting in the Vaterland! A strange thing I noticed was the entire absence of beer. The strongest drink any grizzled paterfamilias was drinking was lemonade or soda-water. Naturally I at once jumped to the conclusion—"Aha! shortage." But I was wrong. When in an offhand manner I ordered a glass of "Münchener," the waiter promptly carried out my order. I was near a group of sergeants and saw them casting envious eyes at the frothing mug. Calling one of them over, I inquired about this curious phenomenon of Germans drinking lemonade. He soon explained it to me. Except at the front—that is, anywhere in the firing-line—soldiers cannot buy a drop of alcohol of any kind. "Do you know," he said, "that I have not had a drop of beer for nearly a month? You see, in Poland we can only get it by buying a whole barrel. Sometimes we club together, but we have to pay six marks (six shillings) for the cask alone. This money is refunded if the barrel is returned in good condition to the brewery. You can imagine what chance there is of that when all available space for transport is required for the wounded, or for goods that need repairing."

I Am Arrested.

Of course, he had an ulterior motive in telling me all this, and it soon came out. Smacking his lips for the hundredth time, he continued—"Ahem! might I ask a favour? Would you be so kind as to order another glass of beer for yourself, and—ahem!—permit me to drink it?" And at this he tried to slip a small coin (ten pfennigs) into my hand, explaining that of course he would pay for the beer himself.

The situation tickled my sense of humour. Here was I in Posen, one of Germany's most important fortresses and a symbol of Prussian militarism, innocent of any permit, in my English pyjamas under my English greatcoat, representing a British publication, and being politely asked by a German sergeant, who, if he had had the slightest inkling of my identity would have torn me limb from limb, or at least arrested me, to buy a glass of beer for him, which he himself could not obtain. If this situation does not upset all the laws of probability, I don't know what does.

(Continued on Page ..)

LATEST FROM LONDON.

OUR UNEASY POLITICIANS.

THE CORPSE FACTORY: WEAK GERMAN PLEA.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

POLITICIANS are getting very restless and uneasy as the time draws near for Mr Lloyd George's promised statement on the subject of Ireland.

It is known that the negotiations for a settlement have not proceeded as smoothly as was hoped, and nothing in the nature of an agreed plan is apparently to be hoped for. It follows, therefore, that the Government will have to submit a scheme on its own responsibility. Acceptance of this fact possibly explains the absence of any direct negotiations with the Irish leaders.

All manner of reports are current about the nature of the plan that will be submitted, but beyond an expectation that it will ring the changes on county option there is nothing definite to be said.

The question which excites most interest is as to whether the House of Commons will support the Government in any proposals it may submit. If it fails to do so there is no disguising the fact that a general election may be suddenly precipitated upon us. No one wants a dissolution, and the disinclination of M.P.s to go to the country on a stale register affords perhaps the best prospect that exists of a settlement resulting.

Irish Cross-Currents.

As regards the attitude of the Irish members generally there are so many cross-currents that it is very difficult to get at the actual state of feeling either on the Nationalist or on the Unionist side.

There is an impression in some quarters that Irishmen of all political complexions would not be sorry to see the House of Commons take matters into its own hands and set up a provisional government of a kind likely to excite the least resistance.

From a fairly intimate acquaintance with Ulster I doubt whether this really represents the state of feeling in the North of Ireland. So far as the Nationalists are concerned their readiness to face an immediate general election is a little significant.

There is a suspicion that Mr Dillon and his friends have exaggerated the Sinn Fein peril in order to ginger up the Government into strong action, and the failure of the Plunkett meeting in Dublin certainly suggested that the unconstitutional party in Ireland does not command anything like such a big following as has been represented.

The whole situation, however, is very obscure, and no one with any reputation to lose cares to dogmatise about what the future may have in store for us.

The Latest German Denial.

The German plea that their corpse factory is an establishment merely concerned with the burning of animals is one which will hardly bear examination.

The number of horses destroyed in this war has not been so considerable as to justify the setting up of a factory of this kind immediately behind the fighting lines, and one can only conclude that the business which goes on at this grim mortuary is really as horrible as reports have led us to believe.

The official disclaimer which has been sent out shows that Germany, if she is not utterly ashamed of the exposure which has been made, is keenly alive at least to the effect it is having on neutral countries, and to the effect which it may have on her Turkish Ally. No doubt every possible effort is being made to prevent the story of the utilisation of human bones for pig feeding percolating through to Constantinople.

Turkey is wavering already in her allegiance to the Central Powers, and this latest revelation of the German system will not improve matters if it once gets whispered through the bazaars of the East. People do not forget that a smaller cause than this was the pretext for the Indian Mutiny.

No Thoughtless Maffiking.

We are all optimists now. "Buy your war flags at once" is the invitation appearing in a shop window not a hundred miles from Charing Cross. The window itself is filled with banners representing all the colours of the Allies.

Whether the shopkeeper will reap the reward of his enterprise is a little doubtful. There has been no mafficking in London since the night after the declaration of war, and it is a little doubtful whether there will be any, even when peace is declared.

The iron of this war has entered into the very soul of the people, and the opinion prevails in many quarters that London will receive the victorious termination of the struggle in the same sober, subdued spirit that it received the news of Sir Douglas Haig's great victory at Arras.

There is hardly a family in the land that has not suffered directly or indirectly as a result of the terrible casualties the war has occasioned, and you can hardly see these people going out into the streets blowing tin trumpets and making themselves hoarse with patriotic songs.

We shall give the troops a great welcome when they come home from the trenches, but the war has been too grim a matter to provide an excuse for thoughtless maffiking.

The Riches of the East.

Calcutta as well as London has been having its Red Cross sale. The gifts brought together at Government House seem to have varied from bales of jute down to fragments of the Great Wall of China.

If such a collection had been brought together in London even Christie's would have experienced some difficulty in accommodating it in their saleerooms. Some of the articles would assuredly have gone to Tattersal's, for there was one elephant, three race horses, some polo ponies, and other animals, whilst quite a fancy price was obtained for a very ordinary little kitten born in the trenches in British East Africa.

NO RACING, TEARING, NAVAL STRATEGY.

WHY OUR ADMIRALTY PREFERS SAFETY TO SENSATION.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

THE attack recently made on the present Board of Admiralty by a London contemporary seems to have produced no effect on public opinion. The national confidence in the ability of Sir John Jellicoe and his colleagues has not been a whit abated. As it is barely four months since the Admiralty Board was reconstituted, the request that we should now "swap horses" again is dismissed as being premature, if not somewhat impudent.

The chief charge levelled against the present naval administration is that it has not displayed sufficient originality, energy, and resource in the direction of the naval war. The Board is derided as being barnacled by tradition and senility. The remedy suggested is twofold. Firstly, officers with recent experience of the naval war should be brought to Whitehall to infuse new ideas and fresh energy into Admiralty policy. Secondly, drastic changes should be made in the whole system of naval control, in order that the expert personnel of the Board should be transformed into a real Naval War Council.

As regards the first remedy, the majority of the present Sea Lords only left the Grand Fleet for the "stone frigate" in Whitehall at the end of last year. All these naval officers had acquired direct experience of the sea war in the most responsible of commands. If admirals are to be rated as antediluvian after they have been four months away from the sea, we should have to change the whole Board three times a year, and chaos would ensue in the naval administration. Now, taking the second remedy, the proposed transformation of the Admiralty Sea Lords into a new Naval War Council, the suggestion is entirely ridiculous. It is akin to proposing that a fund should be raised by public subscription for the rebuilding of St Paul's Cathedral after the recent fire in London!

Safety v. Sensation.

Under whatever system we carry on the naval war, it is urged our present policy lacks originality and driving power. Because the Admiralty wisely choose to say little about the activities of the Fleet, official silence is construed as a tacit admission of British naval inactivity. "Lack of originality in strategic inception" is a phrase which looks very well on paper, but it simply means the Admiralty prefers safety to sensational headlines.

British naval strategy can be summed up in a few lines. It is:—

(1) to contain the German Fleet in the North Sea and fight it when it appears at sea;
(2) to protect the British Isles from invasion, and
(3) to guard the over-seas communications of our armies and our sea-borne commerce with foreign countries.

This may lack originality and novelty, but it is what the navy has undertaken to do, and has done.

We are invited to undertake some kind of raging, tearing naval strategy, to attack the enemy's naval bases and fritter away our strength in pin-prick raids modelled on the German plan. It is asked whether we cannot invent some new kind of warship, immune to torpedo attack, which would be capable of worrying hostile naval bases.

For the past twenty or twenty-five years naval constructors in every country have continually attempted to evolve a torpedo-proof warship, but no solution of the problem has yet been found. Zeebrugge itself has been attacked many times by monitors and cruisers specially protected against torpedoes, but practically nothing has resulted from this worrying policy. The Dardanelles campaign has proved again that ships cannot master forts protected by minefields. All the damage we did to Zeebrugge after a whole series of bombardments was repaired by the enemy in a week. Naval bases can only be destroyed by an army capturing the position.

> As for assaulting the German Coast, protected by minefields, batteries of 14-inch guns, and submarine flotillas, the officer who took ships to such an attack would be a fool, and the admiral who sent them there a criminal.

As for adopting the policy of pin-prick raids, opinion is adverse to the idea because the whole effect of such attacks is purely futile. The German Coast is infinitely more difficult to raid than our own. It is asked why the Admiralty does nothing to prevent these sudden German attacks on our shores. For one thing, the Admiralty has never given the slightest guarantee that the navy could prevent such raids.

We Cannot Gamble With Our Fleet.

The Memorandum prepared by Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, V.C., when he was First Sea Lord, laid down that the navy could prevent an enemy invasion by 70,000 or more troops, but no immunity could be promised from raids and landings by a lesser number of troops. It is estimated 70,000 soldiers would require at least 200 transports, and this is the minimum the Admiralty promised security against.

When it comes to raids by three or four fast and small warships, moving by night, no naval administration in the world, no matter how efficient, can guarantee its coasts against attack. One or two German destroyers dash across the North Sea, shell Margate, Ramsgate, or some other East Coast port for a few minutes, and the whole world learns the fact the next day. But the world does not hear of the more numerous occasions when hostile aircraft and warships are attacked and driven back to their bases before they can reach our shores.

Compared with our own naval strategy, the German scheme of sea warfare appears to be much more ingenious and forceful. It is only natural the weaker power should display greater originality than a stronger opponent, because there is always the inducement that some "short cut" will be discovered which will completely nullify superior strength on the other side. The submarine is one such promising "short cut," hence its development by the Germans. The Berlin Naval Staff may gamble with its warships, if it pleases, because if the German Fleet is lost in the process, Germany's chances of success will not be injured beyond repair. The German Fleet is more or less of a luxury. But, as Sir Edward Carson has pointed out, if we gamble with our fleet and lose it, we lose absolutely everything. Consequently, our naval strategy must be conducted on the safest of lines, irrespective of the cravings of a few disconsolate sensation-mongers.

Immediately after their return to London from a visit to the fleet, the Premier and Sir Edward Carson attended a conference between our Naval War Staff and the American Naval Commission. It is suspected the visit to the fleet by the Prime Minister and the First Lord was not a mere "joy-ride" at the taxpayers' expense, but for the purpose of securing the opinion of Sir David Beatty and other principal naval officers on the question of American naval co-operation.

German Designs in Riga.

The official Russian report, received early on Friday morning, contained grave news. It announced that transports were being collected in the German Baltic ports, and that part of the German Fleet had left Kiel for Libau. Only one construction can be placed on the above information. It foreshadows a great naval and military attack by the German Fleet and Army on the left and northern flank of the Russian Army's positions, resting on the Courlandian Coast in the Gulf of Riga.

Just a year ago reports were received in this country almost identical with those emanating from Russia to-day. Twelve months ago it was reported the Germans had built a special fleet of monitors and other craft for attacking the Russian defences on the Baltic Coast. Special troops transports of shallow draught were also said to have been massed in readiness in the German Baltic ports. As soon as the monitors and minesweepers had broken through the Russian defences at the entrance to the Rigan Gulf, the transports were to leave harbour under the escort of battleships, submarines, and scouting Zeppelins, and would land their army corps on the Courlandian Coast behind the flank of the Russian armies.

The Russian Army Commanders certainly made preparations to meet such an attack by land and sea. All reserve troops were held in readiness to repel a great German offensive against Riga, or disposed to meet landings on the Baltic Coast. Then ensued the Battle of Jutland, and the German scheme broke down. The undamaged remnant of the High Sea Fleet was not sufficiently powerful to cover the troop transports from an attack by the Russian Battle Fleet.

The German plans had to be abandoned for 1916; the Russian troops, held in reserve near Riga and the coast, were moved southwards immediately after the Battle of Jutland, and gave General Brusiloff sufficient strength to carry his great offensive to success. General Brusiloff himself admitted that Jutland freed Russia from the fear of a coming naval and military attack on Riga, and gave Russia the initiative and military power to pass from the defensive in the north to the offensive in the south.

> The importance of Riga and the Rigan Gulf lies in the fact that Germany cannot undertake any new military offensive on a great scale in Russia until Riga has been captured by her armies and her fleet has secured the mastery of the Gulf.

These positions may be regarded as the keys which Germany must acquire to unlock the doors to another great campaign in the East. In 1915 the Russian retreat from the Dunajec and Carpathians culminated in the August battle for Riga. Germany made heroic efforts to secure the domination of the Gulf and port. Her warships broke through the Russian barriers of minefields, and for five days attempted to get to grips with the Russian Fleet.

The Russian naval Commander-in-Chief wisely refused to engage the superior German forces, and brilliantly eluded all attempts to bring him to action. Under the cover of dense fogs the Russian warships carried out sudden and disconcerting raids on the German warships, which had finally to retire defeated. A German attempt to make a military landing near Pernau also failed. Riga remained in Russian hands, and the great Russian retreat ended.

The Russian Admiral Kanin has pointed out that there are two great turning-points in the history of this war. One is the military battle of the Marne marking the end of the German drive to Paris, the other is the naval and military struggle for the mastery of Riga and the Rigan Gulf, which stopped the German offensive against Russia in 1915.

Riga is the key of the Eastern campaign. Hindenburg may be contemplating a more distant objective, as, for example, some expedition against Petrograd or a landing on the Russian Coast in the Gulf of Finland, and not in the Gulf of Riga. But the objective of 1915 and 1916 will probably be the point of assault in 1917.

Our Ship Losses.

The Admiralty reports on periodical shipping losses have now been issued for eight weeks, and sufficient material is available for taking an average of the U-boat warfare. These returns are not regarded with much favour, as they do not give any idea of the total tonnage destroyed. The Admiralty has consistently refused to give tonnage details, and we must rest content with the assurance such information must be withheld from publication. "Arrivals and sailings" appear to lump together all ships, British, Allied, and neutral, which enter or leave our ports, but as casualty lists are only returned for British shipping, one cannot determine the percentages of losses in the total of entries and departures.

On an average, 2300 ships have entered or left British ports during the past eight weeks. The fantastic promises made to the German public that all sea communication with the British Isles would be stopped by the submarine blockade in a month accordingly stands confuted.

Reckoning ships over 1600 tons, our average losses for the last eight weeks have been roughly sixteen per week. The figures do not show much variation, and we may hope this is a proof the enemy cannot increase his destructive power above twenty victims per week. Still, considering that the Huns only destroyed five ships per week for the first thirty-five weeks of 1915, the present U-boat warfare is 200 per cent. more virulent than that of two years ago.

SAVE THE BREAD.

We all must eat one pound less of bread per week than we have been in the habit of doing. That, says Mr Kennedy Jones, Director-General of Food Economy, is a plain, downright way of helping to win the war. A sound national motto for to-day is, "Save the bread, and the bread will save you."

NO RAGING, TEARING, NAVAL STRATEGY—Continued.

"FRITZ RAN LIKE FUN."

GERMANS' FEAR OF OUR TANKS.

A SOLID CURTAIN OF SHELLS.

London, Saturday Night.

Stirring episodes in the great battles in the West are related by three Scottish soldiers, who hail from Dundee, Glasgow, and Morayshire respectively.

"The barrage was just fine," said the Dundonian. "It was just pure hell for the Germans. The shells came down in one solid curtain.

"I'm a signaller, and we got into a German dugout as a signal station. You'd wonder how on earth Fritz could have been shifted from his line if all the dugouts were like that one. It was lined with corrugated iron, the walls about three feet thick, of brick, covered with reinforced concrete, timber, and earth—a perfect stronghold. We got seven bags of bread in it and some tins of beef.

"The Germans are not fighting so well as they used to. They're more ready on the 'kamerad' game, and never gave us a chance to get into them with the bayonet. It's all very well for them to hang on to their machine-guns to the last second, then throw up their hands. It's kind o' maddening."

The Tank Does the Trick.

The Glasgow man said:—"I was in the Somme battle. Auch! it was nithin' like this show here, though I liked the Somme better—we had more fightin' wi' the baynit. But the barrage was that heavy, I don't wonder we got the first three lines o' trenches without very much trouble.

"We found the Germans holding a ridge, and they kept us off with machine-guns. Parties were round the flanks of the ridge, and jist gave them a rifle grenade or so by way of encouragement to move on. They shifted all right in about half an hour, and we took the ridge. I think it was the Tank coming up that did the trick. As soon as Fritz saw the Tank he started to run like fun."

This soldier from the Clyde had been buried by a German shell, but if the explosion had twisted his back it had not damped his spirits. The gentle smile and the soft voice when he mentioned his "baynit" were engaging. He was one of those who, as practised soldiers, mourn the glories of the old days, but there was no disguising his satisfaction, as a citizen, that the Boche was less ready for the hand-to-hand encounter.

Like Clockwork.

East and West having spoken, there remained one from the North. He came from Morayshire, and was a N.C.O. in a famous Highland regiment. He was enthusiastic like the others about the efficiency of the barrage fire, and said that the work of the General Staff was exceedingly well done.

From the general discussion between these three men one could gather an impression of absolute satisfaction with the turn of events. "It went like clockwork—just as we rehearsed it behind the line," said the Dundonian.

"Fritz's staff can't teach our staff anything after this," said he from Glasgow, "and our artillery has him whacked every time."

And the Morayshire man capped the discussion. "Our generals and our staffs are cleverer than the Germans. If I look back at the things I used to think a waste of time—rehearsals and that—I can see that the whole affair has been a matter of organisation by master minds."

"Aye," said the Glasgow soldier. "Organisation—that's it."

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Useless.

We can never conquer, and it is useless for the people to be deceived any longer.—Wurtemburg Tagwacht.

Not Even a Stone.

The people have asked for bread, and they have not even been given a stone.—Nureniberg Frankische Tagespost.

President Wilson's Example.

The man whom his critics used to describe as a typical professor is giving a wonderful example of leadership to the world in arms.—The Nation.

Good Wishes for the Gunners.

May they be as skilful as the other sort were wilful, and, in case it becomes necessary, may they never miss a periscope.—Chicago Herald..

False Notions.

Most of us have to get cured of false notions which our school histories pumped into us when we were young and impressionable.—Collier's Weekly.

Worthless.

Of all worthless things in the world the word of a Hohenzollern given to the supporters of democratic institutions is the least valuable.—New York Sun.

Never Again.

Both Haig and Nivelle are putting up the sign to Germany on the ground they have won—"No German trespassers shall come this way again!"—Weekly News.

British Through and Through.

Ships are not only the sure guarantee of victory, but the sure guarantee of peace; and they must be British owned and British controlled ships.—Daily Telegraph.

The C.O.

What exactly is the Conscientious Objector? As a rule (to be quite plain) he is a fraud and a traitor to his country. There are a few—only a few—exceptions.—Morning Post.

Chestertonian.

If a lamppost stands outside the window of a nursery, its illumination can be to a child as dramatic as the building of a lighthouse or as beautiful as the creation of the evening star.—The New Witness.

From Futility to Futility.

What are we to say of the House of Commons? It passes from futility to futility, till one is constrained to ask what is the use of it, and almost to wonder whether it is worth keeping alive till November 30 or any other date.—Spectator.

Hear, Hear!

If the smashing defeat at Arras represents the first fruits of the wonderful Hindenburg "plan," it is sincerely to be hoped that the great man himself has made similar plans for the coming operations of the German Fleet.—Naval and Military Record.

Russian Nomenclature.

No wonder there was a revolution in Russia. A country that had Soukhomlinoff for Minister of War, and Chtchegiovitoff for Minister of Justice, and Protopopoff for Minister of the Interior, ought to have been revoluted long ago.—Los Angeles Times.

The Peace Rumours.

We do not want to see Germany diddled or foxed out. We want to see her beaten out. We want to see it done by Sir Douglas Haig and General Nivelle. We infinitely prefer action to eloquence at the present time, and swords to sugar plums.—Saturday Review.

Chaos and Darkness.

The whole political world of Austria is tumbling into chaos and darkness. And out of these the old truth shines with a clearer light than ever: that there is only one solution of the problem—the complete dissolution of the Hapsburg Monarchy. — New Statesman.

The Effective Control of Food.

A real system of food control is urgently required. Day after day Captain Bathurst, the mouthpiece of the Ministry of Food, wallows in pessimism and predicts famine, and thereby advertises tht failure of the control from which much was expected.—Dundee Courier.

Dinner-Table Poetry.

A current poem carries the inspired line, "plant hyacinths to feed the soul." Hyacinths may be all right in their way and under certain conditions, but they certainly are not as nourishing as potatoes. "Plant spuds to save the pocket-book" may not be poetic, but the sentiment is appealing.—Seattle Times.

The Ghouls.

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away";
But the German soldiers when they leave the scene
Are utilised as nitro-glycerine.
Thus, while their souls attain no higher birth,
Their bodies still make hell upon the earth!
—London Star.

Reprisals.

Moral example would never have stopped the Zeppelin raids: the loss of a few airships and the frizzling of their crews brought the visitations to an abrupt end. A German can be made to feel only through his own skin, and now that the Government has realised this simple truth there may be less interference by the politician with the discretion of the military.—The Outlook.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WAR.

HINDENBURG'S FRANTIC EFFORTS TO SAVE HIS ARMIES.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

IN a larger sense even than the battle of the Marne the struggle that is now raging over the Western front may be regarded as a decisive conflict of the war. The Allies are fighting for nothing less than a military decision, and if the result should be as they trust and hope it will mark the beginning of the end so far as Germany is concerned.

The fighting has now been in progress for rather more than a fortnight, and the Allies have no reason to complain of the success which thus far has attended their offensive. The hinge at Vimy on which Von Hindenburg hoped to effect a gradual retirement, which would have carried him back by stages probably to the line of the Meuse, has been definitely broken, and our French Allies are now in a fair way towards driving in the enemy's southern flank, resting on the fortress of Laon.

We already begin to see the effects of the Allied pressure. The German retirement has been arrested, and all Von Hndenburg's plans have been upset. One distinguished military writer has even gone the length of comparing the position of the German Armies between Arras and Laon to the position of the French Army at Sedan. The parallel is perhaps a little exaggerated, but it is true in one particular. For by the capture of the Vimy Ridge and by the menace to the enemy's left flank in Champagne we have placed ourselves in the position of being able to control the movements of the enemy.

So long as his flanks held Von Hindenburg might have proceeded with his retirement, but he is now forced to stand and fight, and in order to save the position he has been compelled to throw into the battle reserves which Germany had accumulated for other purposes. A German retreat now might very easily be converted into a disastrous rout.

Moreover the roads and railways over which retreat would have to be effected are now congested by reinforcements that have been hurried up to the front to repel the Allied advance. The huge captures of cannon and other material made by the French and British add still further to the congestion of the enemy's lines of communication.

At the moment there is a relative pause, more marked necessarily on the British than on the French front of the fighting area. The positions won have to be organised and the big guns have to be moved up to new positions to prepare the ground for the next leap forward.

Past experience has given us all a pretty accurate knowledge of the time likely to be occupied in this process, and the next few days will probably provide big developments in front of Arras as well as in the centre, where St Quentin is now our immediate military objective. In the meantime the course the war is now taking affords certain lessons which will well repay examination.

Germany's Interior Lines.

It is instructive to cast our minds back a few months to the expectations that were entertained about the policy which the Allied leaders would pursue when the great offensive started. Germany's great strength in this war has been that she has been fighting on interior lines. She has been able to swing her armies from one front to another, either concentrating her troops on points where she expected to be attacked, or concentrating them on points where she intended to attack.

It seemed that the only way in which this disadvantage could be overcome lay in the adoption by the Allies of the simultaneous offensive. When France, Italy, Russia, and Great Britain were all able to strike at once Germany's resources would be tested as they have never been tested before. Ere this summer wears to a close this is the course which we shall see the Allies pursuing.

It is eloquent of a great deal that Sir Douglas Haig and General Nivelle have moved at once without waiting for the drying up of the ground in the East to enable our Russian Allies to co-operate. And already we see the wisdom of the decision they have taken. Not only would Von Hindenburg have been able to effect at his leisure the strategic retirement which he contemplated in the West, but he might have taken the initiative himself by launching a new drive against Italy or against some other point of the Allied front.

Moreover, the policy of waiting for Russia would have reduced by several weeks the time available between now and the end of September for pushing back the German line in the West. It is a long way from the Somme to the Rhine, the blue waters of which some of our soldiers hope to see before the great offensive of 1917 wears to its close.

Not Unprepared.

There is no reason to suppose that Von Hindenburg was taken wholly unawares by the Allied plan of campaign. There is evidence that we struck at Arras several days earlier than he anticipated. But he knew at least that a great offensive was preparing in the West, and was able to make his arrangements accordingly.

For weeks past we have been told of the gigantic reserve, variously estimated at from 600,000 to 1,000,000 men, which the enemy have accumulated somewhere in the interior of Germany. Von Hindenburg, moreover, has nothing to fear in the East for several weeks to come. It was possible for him, therefore, to organise a tremendous concentration in the West.

Yet, despite all this, the Germans have sustained two crushing reverses at the most vital points of their entire Western line. There are suggestions that Von Hindenburg is playing a waiting game. The wiseacres think that he is holding his reinforcements in reserve until the Allies are exhausted by the very violence of their efforts. When that momnt arrives Von Hindenburg, we are told, will launch a great counter-offensive.

Stories of this kind belong to the same category as the myth about the Somme retreat being, in effect, a great strategic victory for the enemy. If the British victory on the Arras front, and the French victory on the Aisne and in Champagne, were mere local episodes involving nothing more than the uncovering of a few score of miles of French territory, warnings of this kind would be entitled to some respect.

But the victories we have won are not victories of that sort at all. They are victories which, if they can be pressed home, must spell absolute disaster to the Germans in the West.

> The enemy's line in the West takes the form of a great elbow, and the entire limb is threatened by the defeats the Germans have sustained during the past few days.

The Hinge of the Line.

Carrying the parallel a little farther, anyone who studies the map of the Western front will see that the blows which the Allies are delivering threaten to sever this great elbow at the shoulder and at the wrist. There are some who go so far as to suggest that our advance through Lens to Douai may even sever the German Armies in Belgium from their main armies in the South.

Undoubtedly the capture of the Vimy Ridge constituted in this particular a double menace to the German Army, and this being so it is inconceivable that Von Hindenburg is still keeping something up his sleeve, and not putting forth his utmost efforts to arrest the British advance.

The point is an important one in a survey of the general war outlook, for if this conclusion is right it means that the resources of the Central Empires have become so much weakened by two and a half years of attrition that Von Hindenburg is no longer in a position to resist the combined British and French advance even at a time when the continuance of winter conditions elsewhere enables him to concentrate all his available men in the West.

Quite fairly we may ask, therefore, "if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" There is no second opinion at all as to the vital importance of the Vimy Ridge and the adjoining industrial district of Lens in the German defensive system. It was the hinge on which the German retirement to the Meuse was intended to swing.

All that remains of that hinge now is the Wotan switch line, which strikes down from Drocourt to Queant, where it joins the Siegfried line, and so on to the Albericht line by Laon.

> This line, which every student of the war should now watch, is being strongly fortified by the enemy in a desperate effort to save the situation.

The Vimy of the Aisne.

While we are striking at the shoulder of the German front the French, as already indicated, are striking at the wrist. When Von Hindenburg decided to retire all the way from Arras to the Oise, the Vimy Ridge and the heavily-wooded country round the fortress of Laon constituted the bastions of his flanks, the safety of which was essential to the successful carrying out of his plans.

The importance of Laon in the German scheme is materially diminished by the blows which the French are striking still further to the East. The Vimy Ridge, as we know, went down before the Canadians a fortnight ago, and if the French offensive on the Aisne and in Champagne is attended with success Von Hindenburg will have great difficulty in extricating the great armies concentrated in the elbow of his salient.

The position along the Aisne, the first line of which the French captured on the opening day of their offensive, was one of the strongest along the whole Western front. It consisted of a series of steep ridges rising to the north of the river and running parallel with it between Soissons and Craonne.

The tops of the hills, which rise gradually to a height of nearly 500 feet, are crested with woods, which, with the valleys and declivities by which the ridge is broken, afforded the best possible mask for the enemy's trenches and batteries, whilst affording him all the advantages of direct observation.

Beyond Craonne the river falls to a lower level, and the nature of the ground becomes less difficult. Between Soissons and Craonne the hills have successively defied British and French armies alike since the battle of the Marne. Their hillside caverns, cut into the limestone, were so many modern fortresses.

Nature in her most cunning moment could hardly have devised a position affording greater aid to modern field fortifications. It was the Vimy Ridge of this part of the Western front. All honour to the French for the dash and valour with which they carried such a stronghold.

TRADE AFTER THE WAR.

ENEMY'S COLOSSAL PLANS.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN'S ADVICE.

Manchester, Saturday Night.

The honorary freedom of the city of Manchester was to-day conferred on Sir Robert Laird Borden, Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada; Mr William Ferguson Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand; and Sir Edward Patrick Morris, Prime Minister of Newfoundland.

Sir Robert Borden in his response said if the militarism autocracy remains in control of Germany after this war we may be assured that the possession and integrity of our Empire will not remain unchallenged. We may have to face more than one method and more than one attempt by Germany to control the world. There is reason to believe that the industries of Germany will be supported and developed in the future by a more thorough and powerful State organisation than was ever known.

Enemy's After the War Tactics.

First we may anticipate the power of the German Government behind an organisation charged with the duty of controlling and supplying from all available sources and at minimum prices the raw materials necessary for the vast and manifold industries.

Then we must expect that German State organisation will be made still more effective, providing transportation for exports under conditions and at rates which will give access to markets otherwise unattainable.

And lastly there is good reason to believe that the German Government will undertake by new and thorough methods the task of seizing and controlling the great markets of the world for German productions.

The natural resources of the British Empire will enable us to meet and command the situation provided our efforts are characterised by thoroughness, skill, and system and a strong and united purpose manifested in effective co-operation between this country and the Dominions. (Cheers.)

I submit that our natural resources ought to be conserved for the general national benefit, that they ought to be controlled within the Empire for essential national purposes, that their economic utilisation through the process of manufacture ought to be carried on to the greatest possible extent within the Empire and not abroad, and that they ought not to be controlled, diverted, or exploited for the upbuilding of industries in countries with which we are now at war. (Renewed cheers.)

There is no comparison between the resources at our command and those available to Germany. If she should win in the final contest it will be because we were incapable or indifferent, because she had greater foresight, a firmer national purpose, and a more determined national spirit. I hope that in these matters of great and common concern there will be a clearer vision and a truer conception than in the past, and that the effort and sacrifice so enormous and so regrettable which this war has entailed, will not have been in vain. (Cheers.)

In conclusion, Sir Robert said the German people were war weary beyond all the nations, but there was only one peace possible with a nation that desired world domination. Our purpose must be to persevere until the end for which we had undertaken this struggle shall have been accomplished. (Cheers.)

Sir E. P. Morris and Protection.

Mr Massey, who next spoke, said the coming in of the United States and the events of the last few weeks had brought the end appreciably nearer. He did not hesitate to declare that the action of America would prove to have been one of the most important events in the history of the human race.

Sir E. P. Morris also briefly addressed the gathering, and expressed his own conviction that the only way to be prepared for peace was to organise the Empire from a trade standpoint. A good deal could be said in relation to Free Trade and a great deal in favour of Protection, but he thought it was safe to lay down this principle—that anything that we could make as good and as cheaply as it could be made outside should be made in this country. (Cheers.) By Protection it was felt there was a danger of imposing high rates on the consumer, while the manufacturer would make undue profit. That, however, was a matter that could be easily got over when they got right down to business.

The Premier later in the day returned to London.

MOTHERWELL'S 20th MEDALLIST.

Lance-Corporal John Kelly, Camerons, is Motherwell's twentieth Military Medallist. He was awarded the decoration for gallantry in a raid on the enemy position. He is twenty-two years of age

BRITAIN'S POLICY OF REPRISALS.

BRINGING HOME THE ENORMITY OF HER CRIMES TO GERMANY.

BY EDMUND DANE.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

NO war that has taken place in Europe has been more disgraced by outrage than this. Atrocities perpetrated by the Turks are pallid by comparison.

The outrages which during the fifth and sixth centuries steadily reduced Europe to a wilderness, swept away most of the useful arts and industries of Roman civilisation, spared neither the works of man nor man himself, and ushered in at once a reign of material pauperism, and intellectual darkness were also those of the German hordes. For then the excuse had been advanced that, being barbarians, they knew no better.

It does not suffice for the German hordes of the twentieth century. Of all the peoples of the earth they claim to be the first in civilisation and kultur. The great kultur wheeze, indeed, is now being worked on the German public harder than ever.

Only gradually and very slowly were the armed quarrels of nations during the last thousand years in Europe purged of the vice of cruelty to the unarmed and the individually helpless. Though men took long to learn them, the lessons of experience, however, told. First of all, cruelty practised upon civilians, and destruction for the sake of terrorism, are proceedings which defeat their own end. They never shorten a war. On the contrary, they invariably prolong it.

Again, to employ troops and use up material in harrying and terrorising a civilian population is a waste of resources. Not merely does it not promote the object of a war—which is to destroy the armed forces of the enemy Government—but it diverts energy from that object. And the third, and by no means least important, lesson of experience is that no army can be turned on to such dirty work without injury to its discipline and damage to its fighting spirit. For cruelty to the helpless cannot be perpetrated without callousness, and callousness always means cowardice.

The Germans in their recent retreat in France indulged, and as is now known on positive orders from headquarters, in an orgy of brutality and destruction. But in doing it they neglected military precautions which proved strategically fatal, by allowing the French to reach St Quentin, and the lowering of the discipline and spirit of the German Army has been almost startlingly revealed in the present battle. For the enemy the present battle is not a defeat merely; it is a catastrophe.

Outrages on the Wounded.

No Government in truth can thus turn its back upon the teachings of experience and defy at once the common feelings of men and the law of God without paying the penalty in full.

There is a limit, however, even in warfare of the bitterest intensity that has rarely been passed and has been with the rarest exceptions respected even by savages. That is the perpetration of outrage upon the wounded.

Unhappily for instances, it is once more to the tragic annals of Germany that we have to turn. The ancient Germans not only killed the wounded; they tortured them. It was on that account that the Romans, contrary to usage, destroyed the inhabitants of Western Germany without pity for either age or sex, and left the Germans impotent for annoyance for nearly five centuries.

Certainly that instance of outrage followed by reprisal is from ancient history, but how little has the essential character of the Germans changed in the vast interval of close upon two thousand years! Greedy of gain, regardless of truth, boastful in victory, reckless in defeat—such is the German character sketched by Tacitus. In the portrait the German of to-day stands before us.

Now of all the forms of outrage upon the wounded, that of torpedoing hospital ships is distinctly and from every point of view the worst. It is as cowardly as it is unconscionable. The attack is stealthy; that of the sneak. The hospital ship is unarmed, and, of course, it is very well known that she is unarmed. She is therefore a safe quarry. The helpless wounded on board of her, if she happens to be carrying wounded, have no chance worth speaking about. They are condemned to perish in their bunks and beds not by a death that is instant and swift, but one lasting through minutes, which, as the water rises higher and higher, suffering may expand into an eternity. This is not murder only; it is murder prefaced by torture.

> It would be bad enough were hospital ships sunk in this way as part of a sink-everything policy. But there is every ground for the conclusion that hospital ships have been above others singled out, and that submarines acting in squadrons have been especially detailed for this unspeakable task.

A Plain Confession of Inferiority.

Needless is it to say that the excuse offered to the world that Allied hospital ships carry munitions is known to the German Government to be a lying excuse. Not a solitary instance has ever been brought forward in support of it, and for the good enough reason that one cannot be found. Yet it is upon this pure, unproved, and utterly unprovable assumption that the worst and basest conduct ever known in the records of even barbarian war is justified! So far as we are aware the public in Germany have accepted the excuse without troubling to ask for the evidence. It is quite certain that any treatment meted out to the "English" is approved, and the baser and dirtier it is the more popular it is.

But there is another motive, not political this time, but military. The motive is by this form of terrorism to undermine the moral of our troops; to make them afraid when wounded of the peril of transport; and, therefore, afraid of being wounded. Some squeamish people in this country may hesitate to think that probable. It is not probable only; it is a fact.

There is, however, a further fact, a corollary of the other. And that further fact is that such a motive discloses desperation. Incidentally it is a plain confession of inferiority. All outrage amounts to that, because if the enemy were superior enough to prevail without outrage he would not, in his rage, be moved to perpetrate it.

Here again, however, in regard to hospital ships the lesson of experience comes in. The practice makes our men only the more inflexible and severe, not in hurting those, now generally abject specimens, Boche prisoners, but in dealing with the enemy hordes in the way of fight. It is not easy to estimate the number of men the Germans have lost in killed and wounded as a direct consequence of that greater severity, but to put it at a hundred times the number of wounded, including their own wounded they have contrived to drown, would be putting it very low.

> There are still not a few who imagine the battle in France to be a contest between the Allied and the German Armies for supremacy. It is not. That has passed by. The business has become that of wiping the German armies out.

And if there is no pause nor truce the Germans have to thank their Government, and themselves for tolerating that Government, and not deserving a better.

The Raid on Freiburg.

This brings us to the question of reprisals and the policy or impolicy of such a raid as that, for instance, upon Freiburg-in-Bresgau. Coolly ignoring their own Zeppelin exploits, the German Government have described this proceeding as "nefarious." Nobody, of course, but a sloppy sentimentalist would pay the slightest attention to alleged moral indignation from such a quarter. The only parallel to the German Government quoting the Law of Nations is Satan quoting Holy Writ.

Still, in opposition to the proceeding, there is this to be said, that two blacks do not make a white, and that for the strict purposes of the war such a raid is a waste at once of energy and of munitions. But there is something to be said on the other side; not in support of the injury of civilians, but of material damage done and of the moral effect of that damage.

Among the institutions, according to the German account, materially damaged was the Freiburg University Building. Protest against this comes ill from the destroyers of the University of Louvain, and Louvain deprives the protest of point. In short, the question, looking at the political motive behind the outrages against hospital ships, is whether action likely to make such a policy unpopular in Germany, and therefore of political disadvantage, is not necessary. Appeal to the conscience or feelings of the German Government is an appeal to what does not exist. Protest in words is a waste of time. A protest being called for, what form must it take? Evidently action, and action which will have effect.

Now, remembering the character of the Germans in the mass, and the fact that they have tacitly, at anyrate, approved these outrages; remembering that people callous as to others are sensitive for themselves, it is a fair point as to whether this form of reprisal is not effective. Justified on the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, it is, and times over. But that is not a principle which experience supports, even if a higher principle still did not put it out of Court. The object is to create a moral effect which will have political effect, and by the only means which, unhappily, in the case of the Germans—and this is the root of the whole European trouble they have caused—can be relied upon—the influence of their selfish fears. If we are sure about that, then this form of reprisal, though to be regretted, seems necessary.

We have to recognise that we are dealing with a Government that has put itself, as regards civilisation, outside the pale. We have to recognise that the Germans continue to tolerate that Government, and to acquiesce in its doings. The moral enormity and political folly of that Government's conduct has to be brought home to them.

> If possible they must be made to realise there are forms of murders so base that by no possible distortion of the term can they be included in the necessities of war; and they must be made to realise that these forms of murder, while they do not aid the struggle of Germany by one iota, attach to the German name a stigma that for generations must mean economic ruin, and an exclusion from the common life of mankind worse, and far worse, than a succession of disastrous campaigns.

If the German for the future is to be known throughout the world for an unmanly cur; if his origin and nationality is to be a mark of which he will become ashamed, the badge which will turn him from every door, it is in his own interest that he should be warned.

To be beaten is, if honour be not lost, a misfortune; to be beaten and at the same time disgraced is to sink into the pit of contempt from which no nation, so fallen, has ever emerged.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

Frederick von Berger gives Vita one minute in which to choose whether she will submit to the orders of Berlin or resist them. (A scene from next week's instalment.)

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

Prince Stanislaus Hertzwohl, who perfected the German submarine, gives away the secret of a big submersible to

Ruxton Farlow, a young British Cabinet Minister. Farlow accepts the inventor's offer of a trip on board the constructed vessel, and is shown Germany's great secret arsenal at Borga. The Prince introduces Ruxton as his nephew, "Von Bersac," to Von Salzinger, the military governor of Borga.

Salzinger requests "Von Bersac" to submit himself to the customary examination. The Prince scorns Salzinger's authority, and leaves the arsenal.

Von Salzinger is sent on a private mission to London, and meets Vita, the Prince's daughter, with whom he is in love. Vita discovers that Von Salzinger suspects her father and Ruxton Farlow. Ruxton has induced his father and the Government to construct big submersibles according to the Prince's plans.

Von Berger, a high-placed German officer, tells Salzinger that the Prince has escaped by sea in his submersible. If he is in England they must find him through the Princess Vallta.

Ruxton sees in a newspaper a vague account of some action by the German Fleet in the Baltic, and he feels uneasy. Vita interprets it as something to warrant alarm for her father's safety.

From Beneath the Waters.

THE appeal in Vita's voice, in her yearning, distressed eyes, when she demanded her lover's reassurance of her father's escape, was not without a powerful effect on the romantic chivalry which was so large a part of Ruxton's nature. It set every nerve in his body tingling to serve her. Then, too, the debt he owed to the Prince himself, in the name of his country, urged him.

That night he had bought later editions of the paper, seeking further news which might throw light upon the matter, and possibly yield an explanation of the Baltic incident which might relieve them of all anxiety. But none was forthcoming. The reports passed from the "stop press" to the news columns without added detail. Editorial speculation was added, but this afforded no clue to the unravelling of the mystery.

Then, at last, Ruxton took a decision. Its purpose was vague, but the impulse was irresistible. His whole thoughts focussed themselves upon Dorby and the work going on there. He had offered this foreigner the shelter of his home. He had impressed it upon him. It seemed to him that such being the case, should his anticipation prove correct, his place, at the moment, was unquestionably Dorby.

He communicated his feelings on the matter to Vita, who saw in his ideas the inspiration which he would never have admitted.

"If it should be that he has escaped those dreadful guns," she said, her hands clasped in an effort to steady herself, "Dorby is the place he will make for—the Old Mill Cove. Oh, my dear, my dear, can you not see what would happen if he arrived with no one there to caution him? He would make for Redwithy. He would come straight to me. And Von Salzinger would be ready for him. You will go? You will help him for my sake? Ah, thank you," as the man nodded his silent reassurance. "Meanwhile I will return home at once that I may be ready for every eventuality—and Von Salzinger. I will let you know any development."

So it came about that Ruxton found himself at Dorby Towers once more, in deep consultation with his father, who, with steady twinkling eyes, listened and advised with all the shrewd, calm wisdom of his clear commercial brain.

Nearly the whole of the next day was spent by Ruxton upon the cliffs, where, with powerful glasses, he searched the calm surface of the treacherous grey waters of the North Sea. His search remained unrewarded, but he was indefatigable. His watch was kept up with the aid of a confidential man of his father's to relieve him, and when evening came he decided that a night watch must follow the day. He had carefully calculated the time from the date and hour of the Baltic firing, and, in the light of the experience of his own journey to Borga, he calculated that if the Prince had actually escaped, and was making for Dorby, he would reach the coast some time during the next twelve hours.

From three o'clock in the afternoon until darkness set in he had rested leaving his assistant on guard. Then he set out alone to keep his night vigil.

His way took him across the wild moorland in the direction of the black remains of the old mill, and, in setting out he remembered that night which now seemed so far back in his memory, when, out of the darkness, he had heard those tones he had now come to love so well. This time, however, his dinner coat and thin shoes had been abandoned in favour of a heavy tweed ulster and thick shooting boots. For the autumn night was bitter with a light breeze from the north-east; and a great silvery moon, and the cold diamonds of a starlit sky, suggested that the speeding hours were likely to bring with them many degrees of frost before he could return to the warmth of his bed.

His direction gave him no trouble. Every foot of the moorland cliff was familiar to him with the instinct bred through childish years of association. Then there was the great, heavy moon yielding a light by which it would almost have been possible to read.

So he strode on towards his goal, the blackened skeleton, which marked the old dishonest times of battles fought out against authority. With the detachment of youth his thoughts had been left free to wander from the purpose of his journey. A deep concentration had completed every detail of the work that lay before him. And as the resiliency of his brain had caused a rebound to those wonderful thoughts which claimed his every human sensation.

He was thinking of Vita. His mental faculties had visualised once more the perfections which were hers, and those with which this love of his endowed her. His big heart was stirred to its very depths with the memory of her final, wistful appeal. He felt that if human effort could serve her, that effort, the whole of it that was in him, was at her service.

Nothing, no task, no labour, however great, was too arduous for him to accomplish. More, it was a happiness, such as never in his life he had known, to be privileged with the task of contributing to her happiness.

In the mood of the moment he had no desire to look ahead. The concerns of the future belonged to the future. For him, in this matter, the present was all-sufficient. Next to him Vita loved her father. She had fearlessly undertaken work which might well have daunted any woman, to help him in his motives of humanity. Was there any more sublime motive for a woman's action? He thought not. And a wave of delighted appreciation swept over him. In the ghostly silvery light of that autumn night he thanked God that the love of such a woman had been vouchsafed him.

He reached the decayed surroundings of the old mill all too soon. But, with a readiness which found him stoically regretless, he probed once more the mysteries of the old mill. It was precisely as he had left it on his return from Borga, which seemed so long ago. He could detect no sign that any one had been near the place. He was glad. He felt its secret was still safe, and was still a power to serve the woman he loved.

The journey through the bowels of the earth was one of simple accomplishment now. He even required no lantern. All that was necessary was the lighting of an occasional match to verify his positions.

At the cavern mouth he found that it was high tide. The rock-girt pit was darkly sombre, but the radiance of the moon was sufficient to outline the restless, lapping water's edge, which was all he needed. With some care he scrambled over the slippery boulders and finally made his way to a great projection which overhung the water some fifteen feet below, and took up his position upon its rugged, unyielding extremity. Here he sat in full view of the mouth of the great inlet, through which the waters were still churning. Beyond it, miles out to sea, he could observe every light or object silhouetted against the skyline. But he knew that if Prince von Hertzwohl were making for the Old Mill Cove he would not approach it till the tide was at a low ebb. That would not occur for some hours.

The tide had long since fallen. It had been ebbing for nearly three hours and a half. So still was the air, so oppressive the sense of silent crowding by the towering cliffs above him, that Ruxton's ears had become attuned to the every change in the sound of the lapping waters below him. He had recognised the period of slack water. Then he had caught and read the change of sound with the first signs of the ebb. Then again he had recognised its increasing speed. And all the time eyes and ears were straining for sight or sound from beyond the mouth of the cove. He had seen lights pass: slow, distinct, as some trader or trawler passed upon its chilly way. But these had been far beyond the range at which he expected the signs of the submersible.

It was warmer down in the cove than upon the moorland, but the chill of the night air was penetrating, and he huddled his neck down in the high upturned collar of his coat, and drew its skirts closer about his knees. It was a weary vigil, but his determination never wavered.

A few minutes later he produced a cigar, prepared to obtain the trifling comfort which tobacco might afford him, but, in the act of striking a match, he abruptly abandoned the attempt. He flung it away and raised his night glasses. Some sound had caught his straining ears. It came from well beyond the towering gateway. It seemed to him like the vague and indistinct throb of powerful engines. After a moment's search the glasses revealed some dark bulk on the bosom of the sea. In a moment he was on his feet searching, searching.

Minutes passed. To him it seemed the bulk remained stationary, but its very indefiniteness left him doubting. At last he lowered his glasses and gave himself up to listening. Then he prepared to light his cigar again. He could hear no sound of engines now. He—— A light had flashed out! Instantly a responsive thrill passed down through his sensitive nerves.

Now the rapidly passing moments each brought their developments. He could hear the voices of men plainly in the dead silence of the night. They must be near, dangerously near to the treacherous opening. He could see other lights, moving lights, like lanterns being borne along a deck by hand. Then he heard the clanking of cable chains. Finally a larger light, something in the nature of a small searchlight, detached itself from the others, and came directly towards the opening.

He turned away and lit his cigar. Then he scrambled down to the beach.

Ruxton had remained in obscurity watching the light as it passed through the opening. It came on swiftly against the racing tide. There was no hesitation or indecision. The light steered straight for the spit of rock forming a sort of natural quay, upon which he was standing under cover of a projecting boulder. There was no longer any doubt in his mind. He remembered that other time when he had embarked at the same spot.

The launch slowed down and crept towards the rocky tongue. The landing was brilliantly lit up by the searching headlight. Slower, slower, it finally glided in to the landing place, and was held fast by two heavy figures now clearly outlined.

A third figure rose up amidships—a tall, familiar figure, clad in a long enveloping cloak. He spoke once. Then he stepped actively on to the landing. Ruxton emerged from the shadow.

"Welcome, Prince. It is I, Ruxton Farlow."

He had stepped forward with hand outheld.

At the first sound of his voice the men in the boat had become still. The Prince had swung round, and his right hand had been plunged deeply into the pocket of his great cloak. But a moment later it was withdrawn, and a deep-throated laugh expressed his relief.

"Ah, my friend," he cried. "I thought—" then he grasped the outstretched hand in warm cordiality—"then I heard your name, and knew my alarms were groundless. You have come here to — meet me?"

"Yes. We guessed."

"Ah. Forgive me. I must give some orders."

He was about to turn away to the men in the boats, but Ruxton detained him.

"Before you give orders, I would suggest you send your vessel round to Dorby. Our dock master is on the lookout for you. He is lying off the mouth of the river to pilot you in to a—safe—mooring. When you hail him pass him one word—'Towers.' My father is awaiting you at home. We have thought out a plan which may meet with your approval."

The tall figure moved a step nearer. Again his tenacious hand was thrust out.

"It is always the same—in Britain. I thank you."

He turned and gave orders in compliance with Ruxton's instructions. Then the two men stood side by side while they watched the launch slide back with the tide. Then, as it swung about, head on for the opening, they moved away up towards the cavern entrance in the cliff.

Throughout the passage of the cave, and the long climb up the rough-hewn staircase to the mill above, no unnecessary word was spoken. An occasional warning of trifling pitfalls ahead from Ruxton, on the lead, was the only sound beyond the clatter of feet upon the rough stone tread of the journey.

There was much to be said between them, but each felt that the dank atmosphere of this cavern was scarcely the place in which to pause for confidences. This was a meeting between these two full of profound significance, even of threat, for both knew that a challenge had been thrown out at a power for vengeance, the extent of which neither could as yet accurately estimate.

The silence between them was maintained until the outline of the old mill had fallen away well behind them, and the intricacies of the footpaths amongst the black gorse patches permitted of their walking abreast. Then it was Ruxton who opened the subject between them.

"I bought a newspaper almost by chance. It contained news of some action by the German Fleet—in the Baltic. It was vague. But somehow it made me uneasy. Then Vita seemed to read it aright."

"Vita?"

"Ah, forgive me," Ruxton smiled. "The Princess interpreted it. We became convinced that it was something to warrant alarm for—your safety."

The tall, lean figure pressed nearer to its English friend. Ruxton felt the clasp of a hand upon his upper arm.

"And so you came—to the cove?"

There was a deep note of appreciation in the man's voice.

"It was a friendly act," he added.

Ruxton shrugged.

"I promised you a welcome in England. It is nothing."

"No. It is nothing—to some people."

Ruxton dismissed the subject.

"They have discovered. Von Salzinger is in England."

"Yes, Vita has told me. But I knew it without the telling." Then the Prince laughed, and there was ironical inflection in his mirth. "Oh, yes. It was easy to watch—these things. I watched every move through the eyes of my few faithful friends. I saw how they kept me under surveillance, after—after they sent Von Salzinger to England. Then, when I began to feel that their interest in me was becoming threatening, when I received interrogations that were difficult to answer—easily—interrogations about the U-rays, then I said to myself that I must put to the test all those little plans I had prepared. I abandoned my works by sea."

"Then——"

"Oh, it was not all so simple. The story of it I will tell you some day. One thing I had not calculated upon was that my place was watched from the sea by our naval ships. They are shrewd, these people, but they are also blundering. These naval men!" His clasp on Ruxton's arm tightened. A certain scorn crept into the vibrating tones. "You know them? Your people know them. They laugh at them—your people, I mean—as I laughed. The German Navy forgets. They forget that I am the master of the submarine. They think they know it all—all that I have in here." He touched the high forehead under his soft felt hat with a lean forefinger. "But they do not. They see my boat come out. They challenge me—as they challenge me at Borga. It is the same again. I laugh and I keep on my course. I do not heave-to. Then they open their guns at me to sink me, but I only submerge. They follow on my line. I come up. They fire again, and so it goes on. They make a great commotion and waste many shells. Then comes night, and—I lose them." He shrugged. Then after a pause he went on. "Now I come to England and I join my daughter in her home. Later on, maybe, I shall forget these people that have owned my body and brain, and used them for so long to outrage humanity. I never go back. Never, never!"

"No."

Ruxton shrank from the news he must convey. The doubt in his monosyllable, however, did not pass the other by. The Pole's big eyes turned full upon his companion's face, and inquiry rang in his echo of the monosyllable.

"No?"

"You cannot go to your daughter's place. Von Salzinger has discovered it. It will be watched."

"Ah!"

"It is an added reason for my meeting you."

"It is an added complication. So, so."

"But not beyond—straightening out."

"No?"

"My father is awaiting you. There is Dorby."

They walked on in silence. The old man moved with surprising vigour. He was thinking rapidly. The new situation involved a readjustment of plans. He was seeking solution with a fertility of imagination which might have astonished the Englishman had he known.

Ruxton went on—

"Our works are under protection from our naval authority. They should be safe. My father thinks the shelter of our home should serve for the present."

Von Hertzwohl seemed to pass the offer by, dwelling only upon the safety of the works.

"That is good, the works protected," he said abruptly, his luminous eyes shining. "You are clever. You take no chance. And the work? It goes on? Good! Ah! I must see it all." He rubbed his hands. "There is no hitch? Nothing? The vessels grow—grow while you look. Ah, yes, I know you British. There will be no more submarine danger; no more massacre of women and children at sea. It gives me the greatest joy."

The old man's enthusiasm was beyond all thought of self. It was so simple, so intense. It was the enthusiasm of a child for his new toy, and Ruxton marvelled at the odd mixture which went to make up his strange character.

"The completion of the work is as inevitable as that your Government means to — hunt you down."

Ruxton thought to impress the Pole with the precariousness of his position. But the man brushed it aside.

"Ach!" he cried with a gesture of recklessness. "Yes, they hunt me down. That is it. That is why I do not burden your father with my safeguard. It is good to think of. This generous man—your father. It is good that his son comes to—help me. I feel it all here." He pressed one hand over his heart. "But no. I know these people. I do not fear them. They hunt me down. They kill me. It is not so much. It is so small a thing I do not think of it. No. But they do not hunt me down," he went on with a smile of quiet confidence. "I will go with you to Dorby. I will talk with your great father—and then—I go. It will be good to befool them—and I will befool them."

He laughed a fearless, heart-whole laugh which left the younger man marvelling.

The Tiger Springs.

The drawing-room at Redwithy Farm was bathed in the shadows of early autumn evening. A fire of blazing logs spluttered and crackled in the great open fireplace. Its ruddy light shed an atmosphere of mellow comfort and cosiness over the entire aspect of the room. Under ordinary circumstances Vita would have revelled in the delight of these moments of a great new happiness in her beautiful home.

She was ensconced in an arm-chair beside the fire which had, doubtless, in years gone by, supported the slumbering form of some bewigged country squire. Its design was perfect for such a purpose. A small tea-table stood at her elbow. The muffins were cold upon it, but she had been glad of the mildly stimulating effects of the tea.

Now she was sitting forward in her chair gazing deep down into the heart of the fire. A teeming thought was speeding through a brain which, of late, seemed always to be working at high pressure. The odd pucker of thought between her brows added charm and character to her beautiful face. Her eyes, too, had lost something of their profound serenity. They were alight and shining with a certain nervous concentration, while her delicate lips were unusually firmly compressed.

She had only returned from London an hour earlier, and now, far from the distraction of the momentous hours she had spent with the man whose love had been powerful enough to sweep aside every other consideration from her mind, she was striving to quell all emotion, and disentangle the skein in which she felt hopelessly caught up.

Paramount, her great love for Ruxton stood out and tripped her at every effort to concentrate upon those matters which related to the plans upon which they were all at work. Her alarm for her father was real and almost overwhelming. But her joy in her new-found love robbed it of half its significance. In the happiness of the moment it was impossible to believe or accept, even, the suggestion that disaster had overtaken, or could overtake him.

In the first rush of her dread Ruxton's confidence had reassured her. Her father must be safe. Her lover's argument had been so clear and convincing. Then he had promised to meet him on his arrival in England. Yes, her father was bound to make for Dorby. That was their secret landing place. Ruxton would be there. He would not fail. He would warn him of Von Salzinger's discovery of her house. He would arrange for his safety. To all these things he had given his word, and his word was all-sufficient for her. As for his ability to put his promise into effect there could be no question. The proud thought in her was supreme.

She dwelt upon the glamoured picture of her lover which was always in her mind, and it comforted her and reassured her as she had never found comfort or reassurance before. No one who knew him could question, she felt. Her vivid mental vision dwelt upon the sculptured beauties of his magnificent face and head. The calmly assured manner; the great physical strength, which reminded her of the men in the wonderful history of her own country,—these things overbore her woman's timidity, and reacted upon her in a manner which drove all doubts headlong.

He would write her. How? Through the post, or would he send a messenger with the news of her father's safety? It was a useless speculation. All she knew was that the news would come. He had promised it.

Vassilitz entered the room. Vita knew it because the door had opened, and the rattle of the handle had disturbed her. Otherwise the man's movements were decorously silent. He crossed to the windows and drew the curtains. He glided across the room, and prepared to remove the tea things.

Would madame have the lights? No, madame preferred the firelight. The brighter lights would have disturbed her dreaming. The man bore the tea table away, his dark eyes and sallow features perfect in their immobility.

As the door closed behind him memory brought Vita a fleeting doubt. She remembered Ruxton's warning about Vassilitz. He had suggested his possible connection with the Secret Service. It seemed impossible. And yet Ruxton had been definite. How long had she known him? She cast back in her mind. Why, as long as she could remember. She remembered him as a village lout, who sometimes worked for her father in his garden. Then he had been taken away to the army, as they were all taken away by the cruel conscript laws. Yes, of course, he had been away in the army, and—they had lost sight of him all that time—the time he was in the army.

Then she dismissed the matter. Ruxton must be right. She was sure he would not say such a thing without some reason. She would send Vassilitz back to his home. There must be no unnecessary risk of her father's safety.

Having settled the matter, the fiery caverns in the grate absorbed her attention once more, and every beat of her heart helped to bridge the distance which separated her from the lover who had so suddenly thrust himself into her life.

How long she sat crouching over the crackling fire, dreaming those dreams of life, which afterwards become the most sacred treasures of a woman's memory, Vita never knew. Later, when she reviewed those moments, conviction remained that never for one moment had her eyes closed in response to the seductive warmth of the fire. Yet she knew that in some strange manner oblivion must have stolen upon her. Without a shadow of warning she found herself sitting bolt upright, every drop of blood seeming to have receded from her veins, leaving her shivering in a frigid panic. The cold, hard tones of a man's voice were addressing her.

"The Princess will forgive the unceremonious nature of this visit," it said. "It is imperative, for—it is made under the direct authority of those who claim all subjects of the Fatherland."

The words were in German. They were without a shadow of inflection, and thereby gained in the consummate tyranny of their meaning.

Vita was on her feet. Nor had the wild panic which swept through her every nerve centre power to rob her of the regal poise natural to her. She battled fiercely for calmness, but only achieved it superficially.

In the darkness of the room she could see nothing of the intruder distinctly. A shadowy outline in the direction of the closed door was all she could make out. Then, with a swift movement, one arm was thrust out towards the wall beside the fireplace. Her fingers encountered a group of electric switches. In a moment the room was flooded with a shaded, mellow light.

"Frederick von Berger! You!"

It was the only exclamation that escaped her parched lips. But it expressed all the terror which would no longer be denied.

She had recognised the intruder. And behind him she saw the square figure of Von Salzinger. But the latter meant nothing compared with the overwhelming personality of the man whom she, with thousands of others, had always regarded as the Kaiser's evil genius. Probably only once or twice in all her years she had seen this man in the flesh. But his pictures, they were known to everybody in the Fatherland, just as was the sinister reputation which dogged his name.

What is Von Berger's purpose? Don't miss next week's instalment.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8).

I ordered that glass of beer, and nine more, and paid for them with greater pleasure than I ever did for a drink before.

The sergeant and his two friends who had joined him thanked me most profusely, and warmly shook hands. The waiter winked an eye at our group every time I ordered another "Münchener," and prefended admiration for my speed and capacity.

But when I wanted to leave the waiting-room and return to my train, the fun started. I had left the platform and entered the restaurant without being waylaid at all. But twenty minutes later I found at all the doors, beside the usual ticket-collector, a policeman and a soldier. Shades of Napoleon! No ticket, no permit, no identification paper of any kind, not even a visiting card. I had been a fool.

The policeman looked searchingly at me and seemed to compare me with some sort of a description he held in his hand. Conscience-stricken, I, of course, jumped immediately to the conclusion that my departure from Berlin had already been discovered. And after having played Lady, or rather "Sir," Bountiful to those sergeants. What beastly luck!

It goes without saying that they made all the fuss they possibly could and strenuously interlarded their dissertation with the word "Verboten." Of course, I offered to take them to my compartment and show them all the permits in Germany. I explained that I had had a sudden attack of some kind or another, cold, thirst, anything. I was asked to open my greatcoat, so as to show them I was unarmed and undisguised. I did. The three of them, joined by a group of soldiers, stared at my purple-striped pyjamas with deep interest, when suddenly a voice exclaimed "Engländer." I can assure you that never did a word affect me so. It seemed to start in my brain and slowly trickle down my spine, oozing out at my toe and returning through another one, and going the same way back. "Engländer" and "Posen." Brr! The whole audience was electrified. Curses! Why didn't I do in Germany as the Germans do and wear a respectable nightshirt?

And my train was due to leave in about eight minutes!

Young Bethmann-Hollweg to my Rescue.

"Ja, ja!" growled a policeman in reply to my protests, "Aber Sie sind kein Deutscher." "Yes, that's all very well, but you are not German.") It was finally decided to send for the stationmaster and the officer in charge of the station guard. When they came we adjourned to my compartment to verify my statements. Off we marched. I was in the centre, flanked by a policeman on one side and a soldier with a loaded rifle on the other. Half a hundred men, mostly military, followed us, and I heard many an ominous whisper of "Spion" and "Engländer." At first I intended to take them to my own compartment and try the old trick of showing them Hindenburg's letter. But on second thoughts I feared that after all this fuss, and being without a permit, the letter might prove insufficient for once. When we boarded the sleeping-car, I went straight to von Bethmann Hollweg's berth, woke him up, and privately explained the situation. I did not omit to mention that the officer of the station guard was a mere infantry subaltern. Bethmann-Hollweg was out of his berth in half a second, clapped on his helmet and put on his tunic. He wore what the authoress of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" describes as "the night attire that is still, thank Heaven, characteristic of every honest German gentleman." The effect was startling. He looked like a military Amazon. Thus clothed, he rushed out into the narrow corridor, and faced my would-be gaolers.

How I Escaped Posen Gaol.

I wish I could reproduce here verbatim Bethmann Hollweg's homily. It was so beautifully, utterly, and characteristically German. It was magnificent. It was a classic. Oh! such language. His words made the very carriage shake; at least, they had that effect upon the luckless young lieutenant, the fat policeman, and the private.

In a voice that would have wakened the dead, Hollweg demanded to know how they dared have the impertinence to molest his distinguished foreign friend? Did they realise who I was? Did they know that I was a personal friend of General von Hindenburg and on my way to join his Staff? Did they know who he (himself) was? His name was von Bethmann Hollweg, Captain in the 3d Dragoons. How did they dare have the impertinence to enter this private carriage, how did they dare to arouse a car of officers—officers, sir—this to the young lieutenant—who are in the fighting line, not a hundred and fifty miles behind it, growing fat and lazy! Perhaps they would like to see his pass? Would they?

Well, by all the "pigs' snouts" in Germany, if they did not get out of his car in two shakes, he would have them kicked out by his servant.

That, as far as it is fit for reproduction here, is about the substance of this nocturnal oration, call it curtain lecture, if you like (in view of Hollweg's attire), which once again made me a free man.

During the entire harangue the three had stood at attention, literally shaking in their boots. They needed no second "Raus" ("Get out") to make them run. They disappeared as fast as ever they could pick their way over topboots and other military paraphernalia in the dark corridor.

That is how I escaped Posen Gaol, and who knows what else.

Even to-day I can raise a laugh at the memory of Bethmann Hollweg in his peculiar get-up, the torrential flow of abuse and sarcasm that fell from his lips, and the terrified officials who took to their heels as soon as ever they could. The whole situation was ludicrous in the extreme.

NEXT WEEK.

Ordered Back to Berlin by General von Schlieffen—I Disobey His Command—My Escapade on German Troop Train—How I "Worked" My Dramatic Interview with Hindenburg.

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

A Generous Lord.

Glasgow will honour itself in honouring Lord Newlands, who, with the Prime Minister, is to be presented with the freedom of the city. His Lordship is without doubt the most popular public man in all Lanarkshire, and none has given more freely of his possessions. His family have always been famed for their kindly characteristics.

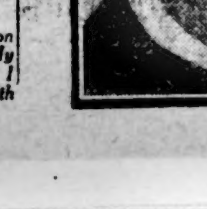
An Enterprising Hamiltonian.

Many of my readers who are "brethren of the mystic level" will recognise Mr A. G. Jardine, who has just vacated the R.W.M.'s chair in Lodge Kilwinning (No. 7), Hamilton. This Lodge, by the way, is one of the oldest in Scotland. In the business life of Hamilton and the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire generally the house of Jardine has an enviable reputation, and the fact that it has come so rapidly to the front is due to the qualities of "push and go" which are found in its energetic and enterprising head.

A Public-Spirited Gentleman.

If Mr John Wilkinson, the new factor to the estates of Sir Hugh Shaw Stewart, Bart., follows in the footsteps of his predecessor, the late Mr H. R. B. Peile, he will be a busy man indeed. Mr Peile was one of the best-known public men in the Greenock district, and he was never afraid to tackle a new duty on the numerous Boards and committees of which he was a member. Mr Wilkinson's record in Kirkcudbrightshire, where he was factor to Sir Charles Hope Dunbar, indicates likewise that he is public-spirited to a degree. He is warmly interested in educational affairs, and was chairman of the Kirkcudbright School Board, which was one of the many posts he held in the Stewardry. Ardgowan House, Sir Hugh Shaw Stewart's stately residence near Inverkip, is now an auxiliary hospital.

Glasgow Grand Opera Society's President.



Mr David Aitchison is the president of the Glasgow Grand Opera Society, and likewise a well-known and enthusiastic member of the Glasgow Choral Union. The Society are giving their annual production of grand opera in the Theatre Royal during the first week of May, when "Carmen," with Mr E. C. Hedmondt and Miss Phyllis Archibald in the principal parts, will be staged for the first three nights, and the "Daughter of the Regiment" will be given for the remainder of the week. There will be a strong cast of brilliant amateurs; the chorus will number no fewer than ninety voices; and I am glad to make it known as widely as possible that the proceeds are for the Limbless Heroes Fund, Erskine House, and the Sailors' and Soldiers' Help Society.

A Nightingale Worker

Lafayette.

Since the death of her eldest son, Lieutenant the Hon. Edward Wyndham Tennant, of the Grenadier Guards, Lady Glenconner has been working more zealously than ever to succour and care for the wounded. At present she is nursing in a war hospital, but has found time to edit a readable little volume containing the letters written to her by her son.

Hereditary!

Te Duke of Richmond and Gordon, as the recently-installed Chancellor of Aberdeen University, follows his father, grandfather, great-grand-uncle, and great-great-grandfather in that high office from the close of the eighteenth century all through the nineteenth century, and into the twentieth century, so may well claim the honour as hereditary. Apart from that, however, his Grace takes a very practical interest in the affairs of the University, and is likely to do all he can to promote its prosperity.

Still Smiling!

Twice in the grim early days of the war this young officer of the Royal Scots, Captain C. J. A. Cowan, was officially reported killed. It was his cousin who had fallen. He captained a military side against Loretto just before Easter, when this picture was secured. Now he has lost a leg in Haig's grand offensive, and was found after two days lying helpless in an enemy trench. He is a son of Mr Cowan, Valleyfield House, Penicuik

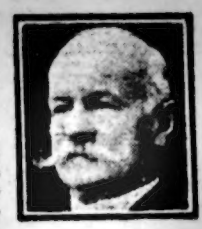
Holds the Miners' Confidence.

I notice that amongst the miners in Lanarkshire Captain Christopher Rock is once again on a recruiting tour. The gallant captain was a checkweighman when hostilities broke out, and he set the example himself by being one of the first to volunteer. He was recently wounded in action. An officer and a gentleman, he holds in a special degree the confidence of the miners, to whose ranks he so recently belonged.

Dr Jowett's Love of Scotland.

So Dr Jowett is forsaking his £2400 salary and his motor car and fine house in Fifth Avenue, New York, which were thrown into the bargain, so to speak, by his millionaires' church, and is coming back to these shores! The famous preacher is, I fancy, pretty keen about returning, and a big future awaits him in London as the outstanding pulpit personality in the Metropolis. Dr Jowett is very fond of Scotland, and ha invariably holidays at Arran, where visitors have frequently walked many miles to hear him preach of a Sunday morning at the little Congregational church at Glen Sannox. As a rule, when the weather was favourable the service was held in the open air.

Aberdeen Veteran Honoured.



One of the best-known figures on the streets of the Granite City is ex-Sergeant-Major Thomas Oliver Cowell, who recently had conferred upon him the King's Medal for long and highly meritorious service. The gallant veteran, who is a native of Bedfordshire, enlisted as a driver in the Royal Regiment of Artillery as long ago as 1866. He has seen much active service abroad, and went through the three years' Afghanistan campaign. For fifteen years he was instructor with the Aberdeen Artillery Volunteers, claiming his discharge in September, 1897, after 32 years' service.

The Minister of Belhaven.

The Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D., the minister of Belhaven Church, Glasgow, celebrates his ministerial semi-jubilee today. He is one of the shining lights of the U.F. Church in the Second City—a man whose wide outlook and large-hearted sympathy have made Belhaven a centre of religious influence in the West End. Clear thinking and literary taste have always characterised his exhortations, and no Scottish preacher is more popular in London than the minister of Belhaven. Recently his son died on the western front fighting for the old flag.

A Proud Conductor.

Among local efforts on behalf of relief funds the kinderspiel organised by Mr John S. Cairns, Burnbank, must take a high place. The bairns who enacted the drama of "Rob Roy" excelled themselves, and the response of the public was remarkably gratifying. In his time Mr Cairns has wielded the baton on many a platform in Scotland, but he remarked to me the other day that he never felt prouder of any effort with which he had been connected. I am told that the local war funds will receive excellent "lifts" consequent on the kinderspiel's phenomenal success.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Miss JESSIE EWART, in "A. B. D." revue, at the Edinburgh Empire.
(2 and 3) Miss NELLA WEBB and Mr ELVEN HEDGES, the American Comedy Couple, at the King's Theatre, Dundee.
(4) Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON, at the Glasgow Empire.
(5) Miss VIOLET LESTER, at the Glasgow Pavilion.
(6) Miss MABEL PERCIVAL (Schrock and Percival), at the Glasgow Empire.

COLISEUM.
GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
From Maryhill Barracks,
THE SIX ARTILLERY LADS.
In a Jolly Vocal and Comedy Entertainment.
G. H. CHIRGWIN. BERT COOTE.
JERRY & CO., Builders! BARRETT & KNOWLES.
FRASCOJA. HAMLIN & MACK.
MAY HENDERSON.
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 230. Central 1501.

EMPIRE. GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
FLORENCE SMITHSON.
The Charming Musical Comedy Star.
ERNIE MAYNE.
The Simple One, in his Latest Successes.
SCHRECK & PERCIVAL.
Artistic Cinemated Absurdities.
ZAZO, ALBERT VOYCE, IDA BARR,
TONALD & CARSON.
MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
'Phone 3731 Douglas.

LA SCALA,
GLASGOW.
MON., TUES., WED., 23d, 24th, 25th April,
"THROUGH THE WALL."
Six Parts.
The finest Detective Story Ever Filmed or Staged.
"PILLS OF PERIL."
2-Part Triangle Comedy.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 26th, 27th, 28th April,
"MISTER 44."
A Metro Wonderplay in 5 Parts.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in
"ONE A.M."

THEATRE ROYAL,
GLASGOW.
SIX NIGHTS at 7.15 and SAT. MATINEE at 2.
Mr RICHARD FLANAGAN'S SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
Direct from Queen's Theatre, Manchester.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
MONDAY, April 23d, for 6 NIGHTS ONLY, at 7.30,
MR FRANK WEATHERBY'S CO. in THE GREAT MILITARY DRAMA,
"DEATH OR GLORY BOYS',"
A Tale of the 17th Lancers.
Box Office Open. 'Phone 1919.

KING'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY—7 and 9.
MONDAY, April 23, 1917.
NELLA WEBB, the Renowned American Comedienne, and ELVEN HEDGES, the Famous Comedian and Ragtime Pianist.
THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD DIGGERS, in an Artistic Vocal Scena; EDDIE MARTYN, Dancing Entertainer; EDNA LYALL, "The Voice of an Angel" (Vide Press); and Full Variety Company.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

LA SCALA,
'PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE. DUNDEE.
MONDAY, April 23d, 1917.
FOR THREE DAYS ONLY—
MARGUERITE CLARKE in
"LITTLE LADY EILEEN."
FOR THE WHOLE WEEK—
"SONS OF OUR EMPIRE."
Parts 1 and 2.
THE NEWEST OFFICIAL WAR FILM.
THURSDAY, April 26th,
FOR THREE DAYS ONLY—
VIOLA ALLEN in
"THE WHITE SISTER."
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE—2.30 to 10.15.
Prices:—Stalls, 7d; Circle, 1s 2d (Unreserved). Boxes, 5s 8d and 8s 4d (Reserved).

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUES. and WED.,
"THE LOTUS WOMAN,"
Featuring ALICE HOLISTER.
THURS., FRID., and SAT.,
"THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE."
Also, Episode 9 of "THE LAUGHING MASK."

VICTORIA, VICTORIA ROAD, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY.
TWO LANCASHIRE LASSIES IN LONDON.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY.
THE KEY TO YESTERDAY.
MONDAY, April 30th, and During the Week,
ANNA PAVLOVA,
in THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI.
The Last Word in Pictures.

PALACE PLAYHOUSE,
DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE
From 7 to 10.30.
The Famous B.B. PICTURES present
ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Minister and Alien Problem.

Few have studied the alien problem more closely than the Rev. Fred. Hart Glyn Thomas, of Govan, and few understand the German and his commercial methods better. The big, burly Welshman first saw the light in Machynlleth, and was trained as a civil engineer. During his time he has travelled far. He has toiled in South America and in Spain. For ten years he was engaged in railway construction in Canada. His varied experiences abroad have brought him into touch with not a few German settlements, where he had an opportunity of studying the German character in all its aspects.

Adventures in the Rockies.

The Rev. Mr Thomas studied for the ministry, and obtained a charge in New Brunswick. For a time he laboured in the parish of Walford and Hartcourt, which included the birthplace of Mr Bonar Law, whose father was a Presbyterian minister. I may say that he and "Father Pat," well-known figures among the miners of British Columbia, are prominent characters in Ralph Connor's novels. These were the days when the minister of St Gabriel's was "roughing it" in the Rockies.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Aberdeen,	2	Hibernian,	1
Ayr United,	2	Raith Rovers,	1
Celtic,	0	Kilmarnock,	1
Dumbarton	1	Airdrieonians,	1
Hamilton Acad.,	3	Rangers,	1
Motherwell,	0	Morton,	1
Partick Thistle,	0	Queen's Park,	1
St Mirren,	0	Clyde,	0
Third Lanark,	0	Dundee,	0
Rangers,	1	Queen's Park,	0

WEMYSS CUP—Final.

East Fife, 1 Cowdenbeath, 2

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP—Semi-Final.

Benburb, 0 Glencairn, 0

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP—Consolation Ties.

Ashfield,	4	Ostlands Juniors,	0
Maryhill Gleaners,	0	Cambuslang Rangers,	4

IRVINE AND DISTRICT CUP—Final.

Stevenston Thistle, 2 Kilmarnock Springvale, 1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Strathclyde,	2	Parkhead,	1
Petershill,	4	Larkhall Thistle,	1
Pollok,	2	Bellshill Athletic,	0
Maryhill,	3	Perthshire,	0

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

St Anthony's,	4	Crey Celtic,	0
Vale of Leven Athletic,	1	Thornliebank,	0
Neilston Victoria,	4	Glenboig Com.,	0

VICTORIA CUP.

Arthurlie, 3 Abercorn, 0

INTER-COUNTY LEAGUE.

Dumbarton Harp, 5 Q.P. Strollers, 0

FRIENDLY MATCHES.

Hearts,	2	Royal Fusiliers,	3
Falkirk,	4	East Stirlingshire,	0
Clydebank,	2	Stevenston United,	0

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

Blackburn Rovers,	2	Blackpool,	3
Bolton Wanderers,	6	Bury,	0
Everton,	5	Liverpool,	0
Manchester City,	0	Manchester United,	1
Oldham Athletic,	1	Rochdale,	2
Preston North End,	2	Burnley,	1
Stockport County,	2	Southport Central,	0
Stoke,	2	Port Vale,	0

Midland Section.

Barnsley,	1	Sheffield Wednesday,	1
Bradford City,	1	Leeds City,	2
Chesterfield,	5	Grimsby Town,	0
Huddersfield,	2	Bradford City,	0
Hull City,	2	Lincoln City,	1
Leicester Fosse,	2	Notts Forest,	2
Notts County,	0	Birmingham,	1
Sheffield United,	2	Rotherham County,	2

London Combination.

Fulham,	0	Chelsea,	4
Arsenal,	2	West Ham United,	2
Portsmouth,	3	Clapton Orient,	0
Tottenham,	4	Southampton,	0
Crystal Palace,	3	Q.P. Rangers,	0
Millwall Athletic,	2	Luton Town,	0
Brentford,	2	Watford,	1

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Celtic,	37	26	1	10	74	17	62
Morton,	37	23	8	6	70	39	52
Rangers,	37	24	8	5	67	30	53
Airdrieonians,	37	20	9	8	70	38	48
Third Lanark,	37	18	8	11	51	37	47
Kilmarnock,	38	18	13	7	69	45	43
St Mirren,	37	16	13	9	49	43	39
Motherwell,	38	16	16	6	57	59	38
Partick Thistle,	37	14	16	7	44	41	35
Falkirk,	37	12	15	10	57	56	34
Dumbarton,	37	12	15	10	56	73	34
Clyde,	37	10	13	14	41	48	34
Hamilton Acad.,	37	12	16	9	51	72	33
Dundee,	37	14	20	3	43	58	31
Ayr United,	38	12	19	7	47	59	31
Hibernian,	38	12	19	7	47	59	31
Queen's Park,	37	11	20	6	55	80	28
Dundee,	37	12	21	4	56	70	28
Raith Rovers,	37	7	22	7	41	88	23
Aberdeen,	37	7	23	7	36	66	21

FALKIRK SPOTTING.

A real friendly spirit pervaded the benefit match at Brockville Park between Falkirk and East Stirlingshire, on whose behalf the game was played. There was quite a good attendance. The First Leaguers took the opportunity of experimenting with a number of juniors—namely, Hunter (Dalkeith), back; Miller (Forth Rangers), half; and M'Nab (Cumbernauld United), centre forward. East Stirlingshire were by no means fully represented, and had difficulty in making up their eleven.

The register was blank at the interval, and half an hour of the second period had elapsed before "Bobby" Shearer shot Falkirk's first goal. M'Nab, the "Bairns'" youthful centre, did the hat-trick, scoring three goals in succession. Result:—Falkirk, 4; East Stirlingshire, 1.

CHARITY AT TYNECASTLE.

Hearts played a picked team of the Royal Fusiliers at Tynecastle for war charity purposes. The soldiers scored in the first minute without a Heart touching the ball, Lieutenant Finlayson finding the net. The same player scored again, taking full advantage of a mistake by Kiernan.

In the second half Hearts equalised, Kiernan netting from a penalty, and Conagher from a scrimmage. Nellies, Ross, M'Ewan, and Kiernan were best for Hearts, and Lavery, Bryant, Littlewort, Gilhooley, Denyer, and M'Lean for the soldiers. Two goals each.

Hearts—Black; Kiernan and Aitken; Nellies, Gibb, and Conagher; Sinclair, M'Ewan, Sharp, Ross, and Noble.

Royal Fusiliers—Lieutenant Chaplin (Bristol Rovers); Pte. Bryant, (Reading) and Lance-Corpl. Lavery (Raith Rovers); Sergt. Littlewort (Leicester); Lance-Corpl. Gilhooley (St Bernards), and Pte. Bennett (Leeds City); Sergt. Cartmell (Blackpool and Hearts), T. M'Lean (St Bernards) Sergt. Denyer (Swindon and Hearts), Lieutenant Finlayson (H.L.I.), and Sergt. Squire (Romford).

SCENE AT FIFE CUP-TIE.

East Fife had to acknowledge defeat to Cowdenbeath at Methil in the replay of the final of the Wemyss Cup by two goals to one. East Fife's halfs let their side down. Cowdenbeath led at the interval by a goal scored by Frost, and shortly after resuming Patterson added a second point. Roberts (East Fife) was injured, and retired. Ten minutes from time Law wriggled through the defence and scored. Shortly after a scene occurred, M'Lean and Law coming to grips, and both were ordered off the field. The game was finished by nine and ten players of the respective teams. Cowdenbeath were value for their win, Cowdenbeath, 2; East Fife, 1.

NEXT SATURDAY'S TIPS.

HOME WINNERS—Airdrieonians, Hamilton Acad., Morton, St Mirren, Third Lanark, Luton, West Ham.

AWAY WINNERS—Celtic, Chelsea, Millwall, Tottenham.

PROBABLE DRAWS—Dundee v. Rangers, Stockport County v. Everton, Southampton v. Fulham.

HOW KILMARNOCK BROKE CELTIC'S WONDERFUL RECORD.

FIFE CUP-TIE SCENE—TWO PLAYERS ORDERED OFF.

CRITICAL COMMENTS ON YESTERDAY'S LEADING GAMES.

Celts had Kilmarnock at Parkhead. They had no changes; Killie had one. Kilmarnock put up quite a surprising display, and Celts had to forego their unbeaten League certificate to a side that carried dash, grit, and ability. In the first half Killie had the wind, and they made the most of it, scoring a couple of goals. Celts never tumbled to their proper stride. Kilmarnock opened the scoring in twenty-five minutes. A ball from the right was left by the defence for Shaw to clear. The keeper was harassed by Culley, and Smith, getting his foot on the leather, drove home for the first count. After this Killie were out to win, and before the cross-over Culley found the Parkhead defence in another tangle and beat Shaw all ends up. This was after fine work by Fulton, who left Dodds, and opened up the scoring chance.

It was desperate football in the second half. Celts were out to improve their position, but failed. Killie never lay down There were times when Celts had the ball everywhere but in the net. Blair was the hero of the game. For wholeheartedness he's the goods, and his work from flag kicks was invaluable. Mitchell was the better of a good couple of backs. The halves were hard grafters all, and of a good-balanced, virile front rank Smith, Culley, and M'Phail were outstanding. For the Celts, Shaw had no chance with the goals against. M'Nair was slow and often beaten by M'Phail. Dodds miskicked to an unwonted degree. M'Stay was the best half. Gallagher had no luck; M'Coll was never in the picture; and M'Atee was about the best of the bunch.

Celtic, 0; Kilmarnock, 2.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; Wilson, M'Stay, and Brown; M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Coll, M'Menemy, and Browning.

Kilmarnock—Blair; Mitchell and Patrick; Henderson, Goldie, and Mackie; Fulton, Smith, Culley, Rutherford, and M'Phail.

CAPITAL GAME AT CATHKIN.

Dundee played Third Lanark at Cathkin Park, and showed wonderful pluck. Brown right away had hard lines with a header, which Brownlie cleared, and for a time, even against the wind, Dundee made the running. Thirds were long in settling, and even when the half-backs got the Dundee attack under control the Cathkin forwards rarely made use of the chances which came their way. M'Intosh was in great form at half for Dundee, and kept the Thirds' left wing well in hand. Bower, in the visitors' goal, deserved great credit for his work. He was safe all through, and cleared his lines in great style. Thirds had hard lines in not scoring when Bower missed a dropped ball, but M'Intosh stepped in and kicked away off the line. Till the interval Thirds were best, although Brown had one or two tries on his own, but, like Bower for Dundee, Brownlie had the same luck when the upright saved the situation.

The second period was well fought out, Dundee having the initial pull, but latterly the game lay between the Dundee defence and Thirds' attack, and it can best be said that the Dundee defence came splendidly out of the fight. Two or three times the Dundee van, strongly led by Brown, came near scoring. Thirds' best were Orr, Hannah, Walker, Bissett, and Weir; and Dundee's, Bower, both backs, M'Intosh, Brown, and Stevens.

Third Lanark, 0; Dundee, 0.

Third Lanark—Brownlie; Mackie and Orr; Walker, Hannah, and Brown; Bissett, Weir, M'Lean, Sutherland, and Thomson.

Dundee—Bower; Ferguson and Burns; M'Intosh, Duffus, and Stirling; Fisher, Murray, Brown, M'Culloch, and Erskine.

HIBS.' HARD LUCK.

The Hibs lost at Aberdeen. They started in breezy fashion, and Anderson had to be very lively on several occasions. Aberdeen replied, but were weaker in front of goal. There was no scoring in the first half.

Play was keen and close in the closing period, and Hibs scored in eight minutes. Smith converted a cross from the right, Anderson having no chance. Both goals had narrow escapes, and getting near the close Wylie equalised, and Hibs were rather unlucky to lose both points. M'Manus, Templeton, Paterson, and Smith were the pick of the losers. For the Aberdeen, Anderson, Colman, Brewster, Walker, Main, and Wylie were the best. Aberdeen, 2; Hibs, 1.

Aberdeen—Anderson; Colman and Calder; Cail, Brewster, and Robertson; Paton, Walker, J. Wyllie, Main, and W. Wylie.

Hibs—M'Manus; Templeton and Dornan; Kerr, Paterson, and Gordon; W. Smith, Fleming, Ambler, Meaney, and Campbell.

RANGERS' HEAVY DEFEAT.

Hamilton Academicals have not shone to greater advantage than they did against Rangers. They succeeded in a game, brimful of excitement from beginning to end, in extracting the full points. Right at the beginning, with the wind in their favour, first Kelly and then Murphy scored with shots of the unsaveable order. Until the interval the ground team were the predominating side.

In the second period for quite half an hour the Rangers played desperately. They did score in a mix-up in front of Hamilton, but the Academicals protested vehemently against the legitimacy of the point, contending that a goal kick ought to have been granted. The temper evoked over that goal added additional "ginger" to the contest, which was full of incidents and hairbreadth escapes. Nicol, however, relieved the tension to some extent, when he beat Lock with a deceptive shot twelve minutes from the close. From that moment the Light Blues were a beaten team. The winners were well served by their defence, Adam Miller being the best back on the field. M'Namee and Paterson were strong in the middle line, while the honours in the front lay with Kelly, Murphy, and Kyle. For the Rangers, Manderson, Blair, Logan, Cairns and Lawson were most prominent.

Hamilton Academicals, 4; Rangers, 1.

Hamilton Academicals—Hamilton; Robertson and Adam Miller; Purdie, M'Namee, and Paterson; M'Neill, Murphy, Nicholl, Kyle, and Kelly.

Rangers—Lock; Manderson and Blair; Bowie, Logan, and Hendry; Anderson, Bell, Duncan, Cairns, and Lawson.

DRAW AT DUMBARTON.

Dumbarton were unlucky in not taking a couple of points from Airdrieonians at Boghead. The visitors played the same team which beat Ayr on the previous Saturday; while Travers was an absentee from the Sons' team. M'Kim opened the scoring in eight minutes. Yarnall had a few snapshots, but was well held by Raeside in this half. When it looked as if Dumbarton were going to cross over with a one-goal lead Kennedy headed the equaliser from a free kick.

Dumbarton were the better side in the second half. In the closing stages Yarnall struck the post, with Miller beaten. M'Kim and Thom at the other end had hard lines in not counting. Raeside was capital at centre half for the Sons, and was well backed by Miller, M'Grory, and Cairney. The smartest for their opponents included Bernard, Watson, and Donaldson.

Dumbarton, 1; Airdrieonians, 1.

Dumbarton — Miller; M'Grory and Semple; Gunn, Raeside, and Reid; Ritchie, Stewart, Cairney, M'Kim, and Thom.

Airdrieonians—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; Knox, Kennedy, and Comrie; Rankine, Anderson, Yarnall, Donaldson, and Paterson.

MORTON'S WIN.

Motherwell were beaten at home by Morton, who deserved their victory. The homesters began bravely, but Morton ere long played inferior football, and when Gourlay, accepting a cross from the left, beat Rundell, the point was merited. The visitors got a second by Seymour, who converted a penalty. Motherwell tried desperately to find the net, but the Greenock defence was very sound.

Motherwell were seen to better advantage in the second half. They pressed a deal, and once or twice came near to scoring. Morton's defence was unshakable. Rundell, Finlayson, Brown, Kelly, and Ferguson took the eye for the 'Well, while Morrison, M'Intyre, Wright, Gourlay, and Seymour were the smartest of the Morton lot. Morton, 2; Motherwell, 0.

Motherwell—Rundell; Finlayson and Dunsmuir; M'Stay, Brown, and Stewart; Kelly, King, Ferguson, Gray, and Morgan.

Morton—Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; M'Intyre, Wright, and M'Lean; M'Nab, Gourlay, M'Culloch, Stevenson, and Seymour.

THISTLE TAKE DOWN.

Queen's Park visited Firhill, and whipped Partick Thistle. The homesters pressed at the outset, but failed to net. Queen's improved, and in twenty minutes took the lead from a corner kick. The ball rebounded from the crossbar to Walker, who beat Ferguson. Queen's almost added a second, through Walker. The Thistle came away strongly, but the Spiders' defence was equal to all calls.

The homesters pressed for a long time on resuming, and had hard lines. Whittle missed an easy chance. Queen's rallied, and Walker got another goal, which placed the issue beyond doubt. The Thistle deserved to lose, their shooting being poor. A. L. Morton was in a class by himself. T. Walker, R. Ward, P. Thorpe, J. Neilson, and J. G. Barry were also clever Spiders. For the Thistle Joe Harris, Fletcher, and Bowie were the pick.

Queen's Park, 2; Partick Thistle, 0.

Partick Thistle — Ferguson; Law and Robertson; J. Harris, Fletcher, and M'Mullan; Whittle, M'Tavish, Reid, Leitch, and Bowie.

Queen's Park—R. Ward; P. Thorpe and J. Neilson; A. Cowan, J. G. Barry, and J. Paterson; W. J. Aitken, F. J. M'Conachy, T. Walker, R. T. M'Dermid, and A. L. Morton.

CLYDE'S SURPRISE.

When everything pointed to a goalless draw in the game between St Mirren and Clyde at Paisley, G. Watson accepted a lovely cross from Shimmons, and gave his side the points. Play was of a milk and water description, both sets of forwards taking things in a calm mood. The result of this was that the crowd had not a thrill all the time, except when Brown ought to have scored for Saints, but sent high over the bar. It was St Mirren's centre, however, who spoiled his side from doing better. Shimmons was Clyde's best forward. Daly was their best half, and Watson the better back. On the St Mirren side the halfs were very good, but in the attack only Lindsay and Turner showed up. Clyde, 1; St Mirren, 0.

St Mirren—Hillcoat; Marshall and Reid; Brown, Dixon, and Walls; Pringle, Turner, Maxwell, Lindsay, and Brown.

Clyde—Shingleton; D. Watson and Farrell; Daly, Cowan, and Forrest; C. Watson, G. Watson, M'Gowan, Thompson, and Shimmons.

ROVERS LOSE AT AYR.

Ayr United closed their home League fixtures with a win over Raith Rovers. Travelling without a goalkeeper, the United lent the Rovers their reserve custodian, White. Marshall, of the United, stood down at the last minute, owing to the death of a brother on service. Sommerville, the Pollok junior, made his debut for Ayr. Throughout the game the homesters did most of the pressing, and but for poor finishing and good goalkeeping on White's part, the Rovers must have suffered a heavy defeat. Archibald's goal, twenty-six minutes after the start, was the result of a breakaway. Ayr protested strongly that the ball had not beaten Nesbit. It was a curious incident. The ball appeared to hit the foot of the upright, and, after striking an Ayr player in the goalmouth, came into play again. The referee, evidently, had no doubt whatever on the point.

Curiously enough when Ayr's equaliser came, through Waddell, there were good grounds for the offside appeal made. There was no dubiety as to the winning goal, however, which was the result of a clever effort on the part of Waddell. It was well that Ayr brought Cringan back to his old position at half-time, as he certainly did not shine as a pivot. Best for the winners were Bell, Waddell, M'Lachlan, and Devine. For the losers Winning, Forrest, Archibald, and Trotter were most conspicuous.

Ayr United, 2; Raith Rovers, 1.

Ayr United—Nisbet; Bell and Hay; M'Laughlan, Waddell, and Somerville (Pollok Juniors); R. Cringan, Crosbie, W. Cringan, Devine, and Shankley.

Raith Rovers—White (Ayr United); Winning and Robson; Rattray, Forrest, and Currie; Archibald, Lindsay, Trotter, Abbott, and Gibson.

NIGHT MATCH AT IBROX.

Rangers and Queen's Park met at Ibrox last night. Considering that both teams had been heavily engaged in the afternoon, play was fast and furious. Rangers' first try came from Anderson. It was easily repelled. Persistent pressure was maintained by the Queen's, Ford making a splendid effort to net, but Lock baffled him. In thirty-five minutes Rangers had scored through Harris.

Rangers made the pace on resuming, and Ward had to be active to keep his charge from again falling. Livingstone failed to take advantage of an open goal. Walker, for the Queen's made a great effort, cleverly outplaying several opponents, but Lock saved.

Rangers, 1; Queen's Park, 0.

Rangers—Lock; Manderson and Blair; Bowie, Pursell, and M'Kenna; Anderson, Cairns, Harris (Partick Thistle), Livingstone, and Lawson.

Queen's Park—Ward; Thorpe and Neilson; Cowan, Hendry, and Ford; Bibbald, M'Millan, Walker, Templeton, and Morton.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW HANDICAP.

A 200 yards handicap for £10 was run.

First and second in heats—Mr Begg's Wee Man (24), Mr Scott's Black Midge (30), and Mr Buchanan's Winkie Pop (24), dead heat; Mr Dick's Joy (31) and Mr White's Rochdale II. (29½); Mr Mack's Lady Voyage (28) and Mr Greenhorn's Lily White (9); Mr Gorman's Grecian Girl (26½) and Mr Irvine's Tovaros (29½); Mr Thomson's Kick In (21) and Mr Neish's Rob Roy (31); Mr Mark's No Use (22) and Mr King's Star (21½); Mr Frank's Maid of Erin (20½) and Mr Marshall's Loves (28½); Mr Gray's Innocence (21) and Mr Judge's Fleet (30); Mr M'Harry's Soft Lass (9) and Mr Purdon's Lochburn Lad (23½); Mr Caulfield's Broadwinner (15) and Mr Wood's Jessie (14½); Mr Bockhurst's Bonny Bell (22½) and Mr Bell's Corner Lad (30½); Mr Fraser White Bloom (22) and Mr Clark's Bonny (14); Mr Stockford's Good Morning (30) and Mr Campbell's Stand Fast (15½); Mr Lyndon's Civility (20½) and Mr Smillie's Dancing Master (20½); Mr Muir's Sweep (15½) (no second); Mr Rob's Barmaid (29) (no second); Mr Kildew's Fanny (18) (no second); Mr Orr's Poke (31½) and Mr Bull's Lady Pearce (31); Mr Anderson's Dido (9½) and Mr Burke's Rum Hot (26½); Mr Grant's Fanny (24) and Mr Caulfield's Marry Me (31); Mr Morris' Vinegar Plant (34) and Mr Watson's Roxy (30½); Mr Caldwell's Remembrance (32) (no second); Mr Dickson's Mot (20) and Mr Savage's Rasp (28).

First semi-final—Grecian Girl, Tovaros, and Loves dead heated.

Second semi-final—Pretty Bell and Fanny.

Third semi-final—Mot and Rasp.

Final—1 Mr Irvine's Tovaros, 2 Mr Dickson's Not, 3 Mr Gorman's Grecian Girl. Betting—6 to 4 on Grecian Girl, 3 to 1 against Tovaros, 5 to 1 Not, 10 to 1 others. Won by a head.

COATBRIDGE MEET.

The usual weekly handicap took place on Mr Richardson's grounds at Coatbridge yesterday afternoon. Delightful weather prevailed, and there was a large attendance. The programme opened with the final rounds in the previous week's handicap. Results:—First semi-final—1 Maxwell's Midnight (41), 2 Hughes' Wee Jean (37). Second semi-final—Leacher's Highland Mary (36), 2 Gilchrist's Wee Meg (42). Final—1 Wee Jean, 2 Midnight. Also ran—Highland Mary and Wee Meg. Betting—6 to 1 against winner. Twenty heats in a new handicap were afterwards completed. Winners:—Geddes' Kitty (47), Carr's Rosebud (44), M'Cabe's Wee Lizzie (46), M'Dermid's Diamond Girl (51), M'Phee's Harmonicon (44), M'Knight's Wee Cloud (45), M'Lean's Florrie Ford (40), Irvine's Wee's Finish (46), Miller's Merry Boy (36), Simpson's Chapelhall Girl (46), Geddes' Sweep (37), Marr's Stonewall (37), Leach's Highland Mary (36), Anderson's Wee Jean (46), Bell's Little Pinky (43), Mason's Poor Lass (46), Biggar's Blue Streak (49), Deans' Sun Queen (47), Dickson's Tiger (43), Thomson's Kate (48). Come Home and Lily also qualified in make-up heats.

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

Lochgelly dog handicap came off yesterday afternoon before a large attendance. Some exciting and close racing was witnessed. Result:—1 Mr Wright's (Thornton) Lass (9); 2 Mr Patterson's (Lochgelly) Bad News (12); 3 Mr Graham's (Wemyss) Scotia (13½); 4 Mr Slavin's (Bowhill) Brown Lad (10). Betting—2 to 1 against Lass.

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

A dog handicap of 120 yards for a first prize of £8 and 10s to each of the other finalists was run at Powderhall yesterday afternoon, and produced 180 entrants. The finalists were:—Heriot's (Dalkeith) Navy Blue (37); Law's (Edinburgh) Scotch Rose (33); Ewart's (Leith) Rover (38); Menzies' (Cowdenbeath) China Lass (38); and Skelding's (Cowdenbeath) Golden Sun (31). The winner was Navy Blue.

Betting—6 to 4 on China Lass, 7 to 4 against Scotch Rose, 3 to 1 against Navy Blue, 6 to 1 Golden Sun, 10 to 0 Rover. Won on the tape. Time—10¼ secs.

PEDS. AT POWDERHALL.

A 75 yards foot handicap was run in twelve heats, second ties, and final at Powderhall yesterday. There were about sixty competitors, and the race resulted:—(£5) to Andrews, Edinburgh (12 yards); 15s, J. S. Walter, Edinburgh (4½ yards); 5s, R. Waddell, Eskbank. Betting—Evens Mather, 6 to 4 against Andrews, 4 to 1 Waddell, 10 to 1 Burton, Edinburgh (11½ yards). Won by half a yard; inches between second and third. Time—6½ secs.

A two-miles foot handicap, run at Powderhall yesterday, produced over fifty entrants and thirty-two runners. Result:—(£5) 1 D. Lowrie, Bo'ness (280); 15s each, T. Heary, Dalry (400) and G. M'Cree, Bankneuk (scratch). Betting—Evens M'Cree, 4 to 1 against Lowrie, 6 to 1 against Jollie, Hawick (220), 10 to 1 Heary. Won by a yard, with ten yards between second and third. Time—9 min. 29 secs.

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100.

All you have to do is to forecast fifteen correct results. There is NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.

The competitor who gives the fifteen correct results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving the fifteen correct results a consolation prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results the consolation prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of fifteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, April 28.

Strike out in ink the name of the club you think will lose. If in your opinion any game will end in a draw leave the name of both competing teams. In the case of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold.

Any reader may send in as many efforts as may be desired, but each forecast must be written on a separate form. These forms, together with any used from the "Weekly News," may be posted in one envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address, and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to this competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

Stockport C.	v. Everton.
Watford	v. Chelsea.
Arsenal	v. Crystal Palace.
Queen's Park R.	v. Millwall.
Southampton	v. Fulham.
Clapton Orient	v. Tottenham H.
Luton	v. Brentford.
Airdrieonians	v. Falkirk.
Clyde	v. Celtic.
Dundee	v. Rangers.
Hamilton A.	v. Raith Rovers.
Morton	v. Aberdeen.
Queen's Park	v. Hearts.
St Mirren	v. Dumbarton.
Third Lanark	v. Partick This.

I enter this competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special" Office, 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, April 25.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST. Matches Played April 7.

In this contest no one correctly forecasted fifteen results, but two readers submitted forms showing three errors each, and therefore our Consolation Prize of £10 is divided between them. The winners' names are:—Miss D. Adam, 21 Wellington Place, Montrose, and R. Richmond, 39 Langlands Street, Kilmarnock.

CHAMPION BOXER WOUNDED.

Mr Jas. Lafferty, Airdrie, has just received intimation from a hospital in France that his son, Private Alec Lafferty, the well-known champion bantam and feather-weight boxer of Scotland, has been severely wounded at the front.

Did Celtic let you down?

Airdrie were lucky in the divide.

Yarnall was shadowed at Boghead.

Rangers had to hustle from Lanarkshire.

Has Chelsea come back to form at the tail end?

St Mirren have handed over four points to Clyde.

Alan Morton was in a class by himself at Firhill.

Kilmarnock brought into view Celts' weaknesses.

Morton alone of the topmarkers returned a victory.

The Light Blues were up against it at Hamilton.

Rangers and Queen's got two points on the day's show

It's six weeks since the Paisley Saints were on the winning tack.

Clyde, Queen's, Morton, and Kilmarnock were the away winners.

At Liverpool the "Toffee" team made sweetmeat of Liverpool.

Hibs finished their programme with a blank at the far north.

Dash, grit, and ability won the points for Kilmarnock at Parkhead.

The army elevens against the First Leaguers are not hitting it.

Third Lanark scooped in three points from Dundee on the season's show.

Rangers lost two goals in ten minutes at Hamilton. Rough for a start.

No player had the hat trick in First League "footer" on Saturday.

Harris (Partick Thistle) had the goal for Rangers that beat the Queen's.

Queen's Park have taken four points from the Queen's Cross professional side.

Queen's Park gave Partick Thistle an object lesson in grasping chances.

Aberdeen and Raith Rovers are likely to finish the tourney as the figures now stand.

Kelly, Murphy, and Nichol were the Accies' counters against the men of Govan.

Lieutenant Finlayson had two goals at Tynecastle, and his number has been noted.

Our Portrait is of Mr. W. Rubber, of Spring Villa, Calmorrood, near Stroud. Glos., who writes —

"For many years I was suffering with Fistula, and went through untold agony for two years. I had two doctors, and took a great deal of different Kinds of medicine, but it did little good. I used pounds of linseed meal for poulticing and still I was no better. Then I attended the hospital, and was told the only thing left to be done was to undergo an operation but I did not like the idea of that. About a week after I read in a newspaper about someone having been cured of the same complaint through taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' so I thought I would try it; I only had three small bottles and it completely cured me, and I became quite stout and well again. It is now many years since your Mixture cured me, and I cannot feel too grateful after suffering such agony for two years."

Clarke's Blood Mixture, by reason of its remarkable blood purifying properties, can be relied upon to give quick relief and lasting benefit in all cases of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Sores and Eruptions, Piles, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, &c. Pleasant to take, and free from anything injurious.

ASK FOR AND SEE YOU GET

Clarke's Blood Mixture

"EVERYBODY'S BLOOD PURIFIER."

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per Bottle.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

OILS IN FULL BLOOM.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

THE Stock Markets are now humming with activity, and the available supply of stock is unable to keep pace with the demand, with the result that many buying orders cannot be executed except at substantial advances upon quoted prices.

As anticipated here, the new Exchequer Bond issue has not interfered with the normal flow of business, and another sign of the times has been the success of the Australian Commonwealth Loan, which has had a stimulating effect upon Colonial Government Bonds generally.

The Paris Bourse has now taken up the running; and Wall Street, which has held up remarkably well all along, should be stimulated by the grant to the Railroads of a 15 per cent. increase in freight rates, to come into effect on June 1.

The mainsprings of the general forward movements have, of course, been the strength of the War Loan, which will be quoted ex-dividend on Thursday, the 26th inst., together with the brilliant war news.

There may be an occasional pause until the Budget is out next week, but with America now granting big financial assistance to the Allies, matters appear to be pretty plain sailing for the future.

WHY ARE HOME RAILS LAGGING BEHIND?

Amidst the general buoyancy, it is very curious that the Home Railway market, almost alone, should be comparatively neglected.

This is probably due to considerations as to what might occur in connection with the Companies after the war, as well as to the effect upon working expenditure of the increases in wages, higher cost of stores, &c.

But even after making allowance for all such contingencies, there should be a fair margin for appreciation in capital value in Home Railway stocks, in addition to present substantial dividends.

Thus, North-Western, at 97, on the basis of the dividend of 6 per cent. for the past year, yield 6 3-16 per cent.; North-Eastern, at 100, dividend 6½ per cent., yield 6½ per cent.; Great Northern Deferred, at 38, dividend 2½ per cent., yield 6 9-16 per cent.; Brighton A, at 60, dividend 4 per cent., yield 6 11-16 per cent.; North British Preferred Ordinary, at 43, dividend 3 per cent., yield nearly 7 per cent.; and so on.

Even if the railways were to be nationalised after the war, the companies should be assured of fair treatment; while any possible reduction in dividends is pretty well allowed for in the present range of quotations.

RUBBER MARKET STILL GOING STRONG.

The Rubber share market is still going strong, the latest dividend announcements having further whetted the appetite of investors. Chief interest has attached to the dividend announcement of the Linggi—the first of the older group of companies.

This campany's distribution for the past year is made up to 140 per cent., so that at the present price of about 27s the yield works out to 10¼ per cent.

Another excellent 10 per cent. yielding share is Gula-Kalompong, at about 1 15-16, and the prospects of a substantial appreciation in capital value are enhanced by the prospective splitting of the shares.

Bikams 2s shares, at about 5s 6d, appear to be worthy of attention, in view of the distribution of 25 per cent. for the past year, the yield being also about 10 per cent.

OILS IN FULL BLOOM.

The Oil market is in full bloom, and the further petrol restrictions, both in this country and in France, should have no harmful effects, considering that the Allied Governments can take all the oil that the companies can produce.

There is now a disposition to devote greater attention to Anglo-Egyptian Oil, in view of the good returns, but previous experience must make shareholders prepared for occasional setbacks in production, owing to the "corking" of the wells.

Upon the whole, however, the shares, at anything under 11s, appear to be a fair speculative purchase, as Oil shares go.

RHODESIANS STRONG.

The feature in the Mining market has been the sharp and general rise of Rhodesian Mines, led by Chartered shares, which have moved up about 1s, while Tanganyika Concessions have carried out a big rise of about ¼, Zambesia rising 3s to 4s. This, of course, is all due to the large increase in the output of Copper of the Union Miniere.

KAFFIRS STRONG ON BARNATO STOCKS.

It is no secret that Mr S. B. Joel is on his way back from the Cape, and will be here in a few days. It is not surprising, therefore, that Johannesburg Investment have again taken a jump, and that Randfontein Estates and Central have recovered sharply, as operators would be afraid to meet his counter-strokes.

In the rest of the market, New Modderfontein at 20 and Modder Deep at 7⅛ were specially favoured.

RISE IN SILVER AND BURMA CORPORATION.

Silver is now again on the upgrade, and has advanced ⅛, to 37 3-16d per ounce for bars. At the same time very favourable news came to hand from the Burma Corporation, this time by mail, to the effect that there are ore reserves officially estimated at the end of December of no less than 3,674,000 tons, which exceeds all previous forecasts, while the contents are well maintained. Burma thereupon have risen to 4⅛. Barriers are rather easier after the recent advance.

TIN ADVANCES.

A further rise has taken place in Tin to £219 12s 6d for cash, and Tin Mines continue on the upgrade, especially Anglo-Continental, Mongu, and Raycorns amongst Nigerians, while amongst Cornish Mines East Pool, Agar, and South Crofty are the favourites.

HOW SOLDIERS BANISH MANY BAD FOOT TORTURES

Harry Lauder's practical help to the boys in the trenches.

"Sunday Post" readers suffering from various painful foot troubles, such as aching, tenderness, chilblains, callouses, corns, etc., may be interested to learn what soldiers do for these, also to stop rheumatic pains in a few minutes, or relieve muscular soreness and stiff joints. They simply rest the feet in hot water containing about a tablespoonful of an ordinary saltrates compound, concerning which Harry Lauder recently said:

Photo.] [Hana.

Harry Lauder

"Hearing Reudel Bath Saltrates mentioned as being a likely comfort for the boys in the trenches, and knowing from personal experience that it is excellent, I have sent out several packages, which have been much appreciated."

Sergt. C. S. Turner, of the R.A.M.C., wrote: "I could hardly credit the evidence of my own eyes when I saw what this remarkable natural curative water had done for 'trench foot,' corns, and other very serious foot afflictions." Corp. T. S. Wilburn, also of the R.A.M.C., wrote: "For rheumatic pains I have found this medicinal saltrated water marvellously effective."

NOTE.—Reudel Bath Saltrates should not be confused with ordinary patent medicines, ointments, etc. It is a well-known standard compound, exactly reproducing the curative constituents of famous natural medicinal springs, and forms similarly highly medicated and oxygenated water. All chemists keep this fragrant and refreshing toilet preparation ready put up in convenient half-pound packets at very reasonable cost.

For Liver Disorders use Kaleal.—Advt.

"GET IT AT ANDERSON'S"

HAIR DYE, in Auburn, Blonde, Brown, and Black Colours. SAFE and SPEEDY. Bottles, 1/3 each.

HAIR RESTORER. Restores Grey or Faded Hair to its Natural Colour Gradually. Bots., 2/- each.

HAIR DESTROYER, to Remove Superfluous Hairs. Bots., 1/3 each.

JAMES ANDERSON'S DRUG STORES,
COMMERCIAL STREET, DUNDEE.
The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines at Wholesale Prices.

RHEUMATISM-KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Rheumatism, backache, lumbago, sciatica, gout, urinary trouble, stone, gravel, dropsy, are the result of excessive uric acid. Estora Tablets, a specific based on modern medical science, are the successful treatment. 1/3 per box of 40 tablets, or 6 for 6/9, all chemists, or post free from Estora Co., 132 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.

FREEMANS CUSTARD
There's nothing else quite so good.
DEVONSHIRE

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Rest Hut at St Enoch Station have catered for 75,000 men since it was instituted a year ago.

Former students of the Rev. Professor Cooper have presented him with a cheque in honour of his election as Moderator of the General Assembly.

BEECH TREE BREAD.

THE KUNS' LATEST SUBSTITUTE.

"BETTER HUNGER FOR A YEAR THAN STARVE FOR EVER."

The Germans are saying very little in their Press about the fighting on the Western front. In the leading Berlin papers short messages are printed to the effect that in the Arras, Cambrai, and Peronne districts engagements took place "ending in the way in which we had planned."

The Berliner Tageblatt tries to put a good face on matters. From this paper the following is an extract:—

The Fight With Hunger.

The fight with hunger which our enemies have forced upon us has reached its height. We need not try to deceive ourselves on this point; the next three months will prove the most critical period, and these weeks before the first harvest waggon drives into the barn will be numbered among the most difficult and most full of privations which we have had to suffer up till now.

The new regulations cutting down the supply of bread must be faced as necessities. Unfortunately, the amount of grain in our country has been grossly over-estimated. It is scarcely worth while now to seek the reasons which have led to this scarcity of grain; there is a possibility that the harvest, when still in the ear, promised more than it has fulfilled; also, that the large towns consumed more than their share.

Be that as it may, it is useless to-day to lament past mistakes, and also quite unnecessary to quarrel about which class has consumed the greater amount of grain. We should rather face the situation, and with all our strength try to add to the new harvest by every saving means in our power. If we do not have the energy for this, then the danger arises that we will be absolutely breadless long before the new harvest. This fact must be made clear to every German. The period of privation will not be easy; for one thing we will have to cope with a late harvest all over Germany, as the spring farming operations had to be postponed in March owing to the weather. We will not need to starve during the next three months, for the reduced bread rations are to be supplemented by potatoes and meat. At the same time it is very difficult to ascertain how large the stock of potatoes is, since the pits have not yet been opened.

"Wonderful Invention," and a Drawback.

The scientists, Brothers Branco, have succeeded in producing flour and lard from the buds of lime and beech trees. By expert calculation about 500,000 tons of flour could be produced in Germany in this way. According to the scientists, this lime tree flour has the quality of baking bread without yeast, and this new food stuff smells good and tastes good, and has nutritious qualities equal to barley. Yet it contains four times the amount of fat. It is quite easy to divide the flour from the fat, which has the appearance and taste of butter. The only drawback to this wonderful invention is the great amount of work it entails in preparation, and with the present lack of workmen it is rather uncertain whether it will be possible to make use of the new flour on a large scale.—Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten.

Too Cold for Justice.

At the Court of Justice in Berlin a case was brought up for trial, but as there was no coal forthcoming for heating purposes the counsel refused to sit for hours in ice-cold rooms, and the counsel for the defence having agreed, the case was postponed until warmer weather set in. The Judge decided that it was quite impossible for the Court to be in session with the temperature in the hall below freezing point.—Berliner Tageblatt.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES—Continued.

YESTERDAY'S PRICES.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

The following are the quotations in stocks and shares in which there was a movement:—

BONDS.					
Irish Land	54¾	5½	War Loan Five Per Cent.	95⅝	⅛
Consols	55	¼	Met Water	61¼	¾
HOME RAILS.					
Gt Cen Pref	14½	5	Mid Def	58¼	¾
Brighton Def	59	½			
AMERICANS.					
Denver Pref	35	6	New York Out	25½	⅜
Erie	30	1	Southern Ord	30¾	1½
Do 1st Pref	42	4	Gt North Iron	32	½
FOREIGN RAILS.					
Buenos A West	76	7	Nat Mex 2d Pref	5	6
Cent Argentine	63½	4½			
DIAMONDS.					
De Beers Con De	13				
EXPLORATION AND LAND, &c.					
Anglo-French	15/9		S.A. Gold Trust		13/9
Johannes Con In	19/3				
RHODESIAN.					
Tanganyika Con	3⅛		Willoughby Con		6/3
GOLD OUTPUTS.					
Apex Mines	6/3		Wolhuter		10/6
Modder "B" Gold	6¾				
DEEP LEVELS.					
Brakpan Mines	5 3-16		New Era Consol		9/6
Crown Mines	2 11-16		Spring Mines		3⅛
Modder Leases	59/6				
WEST AUSTRALIAN MARKET LIST.					
Lake View & Oroya	10/9				
AUSTRALIAN.					
British Broken H P	27/9		Zinc Cor Pref		45/3
RUBBER MARKET.					
Anglo-Ceylon	3⅜		Ledbury	3	3-16
Anglo-Dutch	23/6		North Hummock		4½
Anglo-Java	6/9½		Seaport		27/9
Gen Ceylon R. & T.	3		Straits Rubber	4	13-16
Glen Bervie	2⅞		Sumatra Para		8/9
Glenshiel	4½		Sungei Choh		4¼
Kepong (Malay)	17/6		Sungei Salak		3⅞

FOR ACUTE RHEUMATISM AND SERIOUS KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Miss Helen Cooper, Trained Nurse, explains a natural and permanent cure at home by the same treatment used in hospitals.

When even slight kidney derangement is neglected there is not only the risk of Bright's disease, dropsy, or other practically incurable maladies, but the certainty that rheumatic disorders must eventually result.

Typical specimens of uric acid crystals, highly magnified. No wonder they hurt.

I know from years of hospital experience that rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, bladder or gall-stones, &c., are all simply the penalty of neglecting kidneys which have become weakened so they cease to excrete the constantly accumulating uric acid. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply flush, cleanse, and purify the kidneys occasionally by drinking a tumbler of water to which a level teaspoonful of pure refined *altia saltrates* has been added. Any chemist can supply this pleasant tasting standard compound at slight cost, and it dissolves sharp uric acid crystals as hot water dissolves sugar. *When dissolved they cannot be painful*, nor lodge in joints and muscles; also, the acid is then quickly filtered out and expelled by the kidneys. The saltrated water will also stimulate a torpid liver or clogged intestines, clearing them and the entire system of poisonous impurities or acids, sour bile, mucous, and bacteria.—H C

GET THIS DIET BOOK.

Food is as important to the sick person as medicine, more so in most cases. A badly chosen diet may retard recovery.

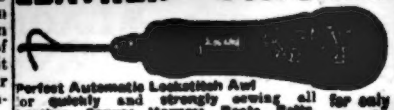
In health the natural appetite is the best guide to follow; in sickness the appetite is often fickle and depraved.

Proper food and a good tonic will keep most people in good health. Dr Williams' pink pills for pale people are the most popular tonic medicine in the world, harmless, non-alcoholic, and certain in their action, which is to build up the blood and to restore vitality to the run-down system. For growing girls who become thin and pale, for pale, tired women, for old people who fail in strength, Dr Williams' pink pills are an ideal tonic.

To enable those who give these pills a trial to observe intelligent care in the diet, the Dr Williams' Medicine Co. will send on request free a diet book, "What to Eat and How to Eat." It is full of useful information, and whether you are well or ill, it is a good book to have. Send postcard for a copy, and other matters to follow, to Offer Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

You will do well to begin Dr Williams' pink pills to-day; any dealer can supply you, but see that you obtain Dr Williams'.

IMPROVED PERFECT LEATHER STITCHER



Perfect Automatic Lockstitch Awl for quickly and strongly sewing all Leather, Canvas—Harness, Boots, Belts, Bags, Tents, &c.—perfect Lockstitch as sewing machine but stronger. Save money, do your own repairs. Simple to use. Necessity in every home and workshop. Complete with straight and curved blades and thread, 3/- (postage 3d). Extra waxed thread, 7½d per skein. Send at once. Instructions with Stitcher. AUTO AWL WORKS, 142-144 COTTENHAM ROAD, LONDON, N.19.

for only 3/-

PUBLIC APPROVE HOME ELECTRICAL TREATMENT.

REMARKABLE RECORDS NOW AVAILABLE.

Electricity is the soul of life. There is nothing so fine as to feel a gentle stimulating electrological current floating through every fibre of the body, re-awakening lost nervous power, and stimulating functional activities to their proper action.

To think that just for only a short period every day, by adopting a simple, inexpensive Home Electrical Treatment, you can regain all that former will power, that splendid vitality and strength, that freedom from digestive or functional disorders which have crippled your life so far, is indeed marvellous. No more poisonous, irritating drugs, but simply the replenishing of every nerve cell with the vital force it is asking for. No matter how weak, how debilitated, or nerve exhausted you may be, Electrological Treatment will give you health and strength.

NATURE'S OWN RESTORATIVE.

With no interference with your daily routine, just wearing a simple appliance that in no way interferes with your business or pleasure, your whole body will be flooded with natural vitality. You are cured while you rest. There is no sudden shock or stimulus, no brain-saddening nerve impulse that alcohol or strong drugs afford. Gently, but with certainty, Nature's own restorative, electrical energy, floods your system, and where weakness once held sway strength will prevail.

The secret of all health is nervous force, and nervous force is natural electricity. If you suffer from the agonies of Rheumatism, are tortured with Lumbago, if you are a martyr to Dyspepsia, or troubled with Insomnia or Neuralgia, health is yours for the asking.

VALUABLE HEALTH GUIDE FREE.

If you are debilitated, run down, nerve exhausted, dyspeptic, or blood weak, here in this little book you will find the secret of your restoration to health. You are asked to send for it free of cost. It will tell you all about the wonderful Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment, which inexpensively and in your own home, without interference with your daily routine, will give you amazing strength and vitality that perhaps you never before possessed. It conveys a wonderful message to both men and women, and will be read with absorbing interest. Send at once to the Electrological Institute, 74, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.4.

You are under no obligation by accepting this book. It costs you nothing to accept this great health gift, and you will be amazed to find how simply and inexpensively you can regain the full vigour and strength of perfect health.

FREE COUPON

"GUIDE TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH."

To the Superintendent,
Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd.,
74, Vulcan House,
56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sir,—Please send me your free Guide to Health and Strength. Also particulars of the Pulvermacher Electrological Appliances.

Name, ...

Address, ...

.....

SHOPPING BY POST.

Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU to start a business of your own. Make money selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-mades, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

WALLPAPERS direct from the manufacturers. Newest designs. Lowest prices. Large or small quantities. Samples free. Morris's, Vicar Lane, Leeds. 9683

SPORTSMEN, farmers, horsemen, try our splendid Yorkshire whipcord tweed; wears like leather; showerproof; 7 yards for 17s 6d. Patterns free. Bradford Woollen Co. (68), Bradford.

THE Sunday Album of Sacred Songs, classical and popular; arranged with piano accompaniment. Voice part in staff and tonic sol-fa. Post free, 1s 4d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, Perth, N.B.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured, the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist is rapidly exhausted. You can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to 634 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH,
Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—
—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED
—BLOOD SPITTING —DIFFICULT BREATHING
—BRONCHIAL CATARRH —QUINSY—CROUP
—PNEUMONIA —NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS —RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS —CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA —EMPHYSEMA

As supplied to the Household of H. M. the King at Windsor Castle.

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point o' death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

"Liq-u-fruta" never upsets the Stomach, being purely herbal, it is quite harmless to the infant a day old, or to the elderly with weak hearts.

Mr. Rale, of Derby on March 26th writes:—"Your 'Liqufruta' is just splendid. I have had influenza and bronchitis, and great difficulty in breathing—that is asthma—and the doctor's medicine was of no benefit, but the first dose of 'Liqufruta' gave me great relief, and although I only commenced it on Thursday night, I am very much better, and can sleep well. I may also say it has acted in an exactly similar manner in a case of consumption and bad cough that I knew of. I have recommended 'Liqufruta' to everyone suffering from cough, &c."

Just what happened to this gentleman, who suffered from Influenza, Bronchitis, and Asthma, can happen to you—will happen to you—for there never has been a failure yet.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co. and all Chemists and Stores. 1/3, 3/- & 5/- or direct and Post Free from Mr. W. Home-Newcombe, 634 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book, "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liqufruta
CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

WHERE THE BRITISH ARE OPERATING.

On the Arras front the Germans have established a short line running through the village of Oppy. Nearly two miles behind this again is the much stronger Drocourt-Queant line, a switch of the famous Hindenburg line, which runs south-eastward to St Quentin. The ground in front of the British positions is a continuous alternation of slopes and dips, and those who expect wide sweeping movements at this stage do not realise the conditions of the battle front.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 1917.

WHERE THE FRENCH ARE OPERATING.

The main German line fronting Soissons and Rheims, against which the French have been making such steady and brilliant progress during the last eight days, is of remarkable natural strength. It was here that in Sept., 1914, was fought the Battle of the Aisne. On that occasion the French and British troops managed to cross the stream, but were held up by the trench defence. For two years and seven months the Germans have kept their hold of the formidable Heights of the Aisne.

THE GREATEST BATTLE FRONT IN HISTORY.

A comprehensive idea of the great battle front from Lens to Champagne, extending over 100 miles, upon which the Allied troops are hurling back the Huns, is given on this map. The special markings on the map indicate the stages of the great struggle on the Western Front since the Germans invaded Belgium and France in the early months of 1914, showing how near they got to Paris, and then the line which was established after the great battle of the Marne; then the formation of the lines before and after the Somme Battle; and finally the Front established by the resent advances, the arrows indicating the localities of the present important movements. Since Easter Monday, when the Battle of Arras opened, the number of prisoners captured by the British has amounted to something like 15,000, whilst over 250 guns have fallen into our possession. The dashing move commenced by the French further along the line has resulted in a bag of over 17,000 prisoners and about 80 guns. It has been stated that there is every reason to believe the total casualties inflicted upon the Germans in a fortnight has amounted to over 100,000.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.